

VOLUME ONE
NUMBER FOUR

JULY, AUGUST,
SEPTEMBER, 1916

THE
CHANNEL

An International Quarterly of Occultism,
Spiritual Philosophy of Life, and the
Science of Superphysical Facts

EDITOR - - MARIE RUSSAK

A Psychic Revelation

Patience Worth-Mrs. John Curran

How the Karoks Got Fire

George Wharton James

Psychology of Insanity

Carl Ramus, M.D.

Occult Healing

Marie Russak

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This is a magazine of occultism, spiritual philosophy of life, and the science of superphysical facts. It has no official connection with any sect, society or creed. Its aim is to present truth, and its hope is to collaborate with serious investigators in all domains of thought.

A Psychic Revelation

Patience Worth

Mrs. John Curran

(There was reviewed in the April *Channel* a new book, *Patience Worth*,* written down psychically by Mrs. Curran, which the *New York Times* characterizes as "immeasurably beyond any other communication which has ever pretended to come from the other side of the grave." It aroused such genuine enthusiasm and interest among our readers, and so many requested more particulars, that I wrote Mrs. Curran for some personal notes of her experience. She has graciously sent me the following which I pass on in the hope that it may assist in spreading the beautiful message of Patience Worth.—Ed.)

I have been asked to bring before you the personality and the literature of "Patience Worth"; but I feel it would be unfair to you should I not first speak of the use of the oft-repeated phrase, "The mystery of Patience Worth." I feel that I should be honest with you; that I should take you into my confidence and tell you frankly that I do not like this word, "mystery." Instead of telling mysteries of the planes beyond and bringing to you a ghostly visitor, rather would I bring you a loving, gentle friend of greater wisdom and greater sympathies.

Will you suppose with me? Suppose that you were a

*Edited by Casper Yost; Henry Holt & Co., New York.

normal individual living a healthy, not over studious-life; loving home, music, friends, your God, and the things that go to make up the days of the average woman of the nineteenth century. And then through a curious, trivial circumstance, suddenly found yourself possessed of a gift, the gift of expression. And that through this gift you expressed a century not your own; depicted intimately a life that you never lived; created a form of language unknown to you, individual in itself and totally unlike any other language ever written, except that the words used were pure Anglo-Saxon, but none so obsolete that they might not be readily understood. If through this gift you were able to produce every possible form of literature from short terse epigram to a story of one hundred and sixty-five thousand words, and all except a few of the most common forms of verse; if you were able to show in all this a genius of the highest type, a great religious fervor, a wisdom almost beyond the ken of man: would you not fully realize that this was not yourself? Friends have often asked me why I do not claim the honors for my own. Could I lie in the face of such a sublime gift? I believe that even the wish, unexpressed, might cost me the gift.

This expression, this new found gift, called itself "Patience Worth"; and through five hundred thousand words of manuscript, this same Patience Worth has evidenced her personality: a personality so loving, so beautiful, so rare, so patient, so wise, that it would really be difficult to believe that any ordinary mortal might possess it.

This Patience Worth has sung to the wearied ones; she has offered God's love in her every word; she has hidden herself, caring nothing for selfish approbation. In all her writings there is no word but that sings of Him. "Thy loved and mine," she calls Him. Her "songs," as she calls her poetry, are filled with Him: His love, His mercy, His loving kindness.

Of Christ, she has sung endless chants of love. Her teachings are His. "I bring ye not a new water o' a new well, but a cooling draft from an old well, that earth hath held since time and time."

Among these songs or poems one may find a comfort for all the many earth-woes that beset us. Patience Worth speaks wisdom, simple wisdom. She does not prate of a

kaleidoscopic heaven where you and I may find an octagonal or a triangular niche, especially fitted in our most becoming color, awaiting us; or of a heaven filled with inane angels wasting an eternity singing songs; or of earthly wisdom that screams words and whispers meanings. No, if we are seeking a complex form of wisdom and a complicated heaven, we should be disappointed in Patience Worth. Her words are saturated with faith and love. She speaks of the "land of There" as a "wall-less country" where wisdom abides, that is so wondrous that it is past the "in-take o' thy skull's cap."

"Yea," she has said, "one thought o' thy earth's at thy come Ahere, be as a thousand tung flame o' wisdom." And again in endeavoring to make clear some of the wondrous things that await us "There," she says:

"That thou mightest sup the wraithed scent o' the lilies o' all the earth since time. Think ye on it! That thou mightest succor neath the softed hands that have soothed the earth's woes through time. Think ye on it! That thy atom mightest set it unto the building up o' the mighty pillar o' thy blood's building since time and time. Think ye on it!"

If you ask me "Who is Patience Worth?", I shall have to answer "I do not know." And I may add that it is my opinion and the opinion of many wiser than I, that we shall never know. For two years I have listened to the sages of our day discussing her identity; have had interviews with some of the greatest minds of the time; sought science and, even as Omar:

"Did eagerly frequent Doctor and Sage, and heard great argument about it, and about; but evermore came out the same door wherein I went." The scientists are eager to investigate; we have been besieged by them, each furthering his own theory.

Hypnotism is as old as man; and yet no man can fully explain this phenomenon. Yet some of the scientists would prove or disprove Patience Worth by employing the aid of hypnotism. If you add the inexplicable to the unexplained, what is the sum? A guess, a theory; and theory is like a buttonhole with no button to fit it. Theory is not an answer. Hypnotism might satisfy a scientist, eager to prove a pet theory, that Patience Worth is a second per-

sonality of my own. Grant this possibility, and even then, as Mr. Henry Holt, my publisher, once remarked when this theory was advanced, "Who is the lady? Since there are two Mrs. Currans, you have two wraiths instead of one, and are twice as badly off as you were before your theory."

Moreover, hypnotism, if it accomplishes anything, creates in the subject a sick mind. If during subjection the mind cannot be properly used by its possessor, it simply means the instrument is unstrung; so how could one make harmony with the instrument out of tune? The whole process is unhealthy and the scientist, unwilling to take a healthy hypothesis, insists on unhealthy discourse. Science desires the stripping of Patience Worth. But what has science to offer in return one half so beautiful as this gift that God has been good enough to send? Would a mother dismember her child to better understand its structure? And does she question God as to who this child is? It is hers, yet she believes it is God's and that He in His goodness sent it. That is healthy, normal. Patience Worth is normal, healthy, God-sent, and she breathes His love. Will those of you who are women then put yourself in my place? Woman has borne humanity into being since time began and still no man knows the fullness of this mystery.

It is the work of this "wonder-god" of yours and mine:

"Think ye that He who doth send the earth aspin athrough the blue depth o' Heaven, be not a wonder-god who springeth up where'er He doth set a wish?"

This we believe, and have become convinced that even science cannot prove spiritual facts by material proofs, nor efface the being of Patience Worth by human argument.

"I be me," says Patience Worth; and of her works she has said:

"What tho' man knoweth not the grain-dust from which this bread be fashioned, it be bread; let man deny me this." Let us grant it then just for to-day that "she be she," and eat of her bread and know her.

Patience Worth is a nature-lover. She loves the fields, the tiny crawling mites, the hills and the mighty sea. In this poem she sings of the vasty deep:

Roar, roar, roar!
 Beat, beat, beat!
 Swing, swing, swing!
 And speak thy tongue, thou sea!

Thy breast hath breathed the Earth's unspoken voice
 And dumb'd shores have sent
 Their message then afloat to lands unknown.
 Thine angers rage the lands
 And cut the Earth's full-busomed shore.

And He hath spread the wings of heav'n
 To haunt thy blue and foam-pured waste.
 And sun hath dipped him deep,
 And rosed thy morn-kissed breast,
 And eve's moon paled his glory o'er.

Ah then do I know the peace, the peace
 O' that long road that leadeth unto There,
 And know, and know, and know the depth
 Of sky and thee be naught
 Unto the love o' Him.

From this she may turn to the smallest things of earth,
 "them that need o' love," as she would say:

Ah, could I love thee,
 Thou, the loveless o' the earth,
 And pry aneath the crannies
 Yet untouched by mortal hand
 To send therein this love o' mine—
 Thou creeping mite, and winged speck,
 And whirled waters o' the mid o' sea
 Where no man seeth thee?
 And could I love thee, the days
 Unsunned and laden with hate o' sorrying?
 Ah, could I love thee,
 Thou who beareth blight;
 And thou the fruit bescorched
 And shrivelling, to fall unheeded
 'Neath thy mother-stalk?

Ah, could I love thee, love thee?
 Aye, for Him who loveth thee,
 And blightest but through loving;
 Like to him who bendeth low the forest's king
 To fashion out a mast.

Nature, for Patience Worth, is a great organ upon which God plays harmonies unto our souls. How she loves the day!

*The Morn awoke from off her couch of fleece,
And cast her youth-damp't breath to sweet the earth.
The birds sent carol up to climb the vasts.
The sleep-stopped Earth awaked in murmuring.
The dark-winged Night flew past the Day
Who trod his gleaming upward way.
The fields folk musicked at the sun's warm ray.
Web-strewn, the sod hung o'er o' rainbow gleam.
The brook, untiring, ever singeth on.*

*The Day hath broke, and busy Earth
Hath set upon the path o' hours.
Mute Night hath spread her darksome wing
And loosed the brood of dreams.
And Day hath set the downy mites to flight.
Fling forth thy dreaming hours! Awake from dark!
And hark! And hark! The Earth doth sing in song!
'Tis Day! 'Tis Day! 'Tis Day!*

Behind the fugue of days, the theme of God's love ever runs. For instance in the poem, *God's Twilight On The Earth*:

*The even falleth from the heaven.
The Earth is weary, sore.
Tired, the babes seek out the cradles at the dark.
The weary hands still bear the playthings
Broked with o'er-loving o' the day.
The weary feet o' age
Walk them 'pon youths path, bided mid a dream,
And Youth-sp'd feet seek wonder-lands
O' the far, far Where.
The wearied hearts abathe in Memory's pool
And tired ones seek the couch o' rest.*

*Eve hath sunk from heaven.
The Day hath hung her light as golden mantle
O'er the bosom o' the earth.
'Tis Sleep-god's reign.
The mothers o' the Earth's aged, be not there.
And Youth's dames croon unto their dreams.*

*The eve hath sunk from heaven
And He looks down 'pon weary ones
Aclasp'd o' loved toys, and smiles,
And Knows.
The eve hath sunk. 'Tis Night
And all is well.*

Second only to her love for God is the love she bears for Christ. Hear her sing of Him:

O Elder Brother mine, I see thy promise in the early dawn, when slender cloud hands rise to hide the blush the young sun's kiss has called to bloom. And from the lark-song-laden breeze that bears the scent of dampened grain, comes fresh assurance of Thy Love. Sendest Thou one sorrow or infirmity that is not paid a thousand fold? And yet we cry to thee and wail aloud! O Brother mine, send Thou sorrow, bitter as stricken mother-love, and call Thou me to bear it all.

She seems to have sounded the deepest depths of Christ's life and sacrifice and is eager to have us know Him. Here is a picture of Jesus by the sea. Let us gaze with Patience at Him, alone, sitting by the blue waters of Galilee:

*Calm eyes alook 'cross sea
The sheething waters lap 'pon sands at feet o' Him.
The day abathed o' blood,
Asoundeth 'mid soothing o' the seas soft voice.
Earth, old, olden, yea,
And yet so youthed, so youthed!
And He asit, calm eyed, years youthed
And wisdom olded past the tell.*

*And lo, His voice amingled there
With silvered tongues o' speaking waves.
The rolling waters lapped
The very murmur o' His prayer.
And e'en this day, methinks
'Tis tongued unto the earth.
The sand's soft clung 'bout the feet abared
That still should trod 'pon stones asharped.*

*Yea, Earth e'en then did hold the greened tree
That burst the sod for upping o' the cross.
And lo, the voices of the earth
Cried them out and sounded discord
Mid the heaven-song o' Him.
And He awalked Him from the sea's calm shore
And through the vale, the bittered cup to sup.*

*Methinks that there within the garden's place
I see me o' His holied self astripped.
Nay brother o' the flesh might know o' Him,
For God be God and man doth fear to know.
And Earth doth stand it still acrying out
Against this song o' love. And yet,
I do not see Him sit
Calm eyes unto the sea
And wisdom past the tell.*

She often cheers the hour and rests us from a long hard session by some odd freak of her genius. One such time she closed the evening with this quaint ditty which came slowly and more slowly to the end:

'Tis songed I'd be
 But w-e-a-r-y- a-s-e-t-t-e-t-h m-e.
 'Tis at the doings o' the day I'd be
 But w-e-a-r-y a-s-e-t-t-e-t-h m-e.
 I'd up and build o' castles rare
 But w-e-a-r-y a-s-e-t-t-e-t-h m-e!
 I'd harvest o' the grain that rusteth there
 But w-e-a-r-y a-s-e-t-t-e-t-h m-e!
 I'd finish o' this song, ye see,
 But w-e-a-r-y a-s-e-t-t-e-t-h m-e!

It has been the expressed desire of many of our friends that Patience perform some miracle other than that of producing her literature. To this she gives a clear reply:

See, there be men that would that I bear unto them o' the Here, yea, and shew the wonder-workings o' Him. Yea, but list thee and sink adeep athin thy heart. He did offer naught save truth and love. Yea, and the tungs of them that slayed him be silenced and ages wiped away the stain, and yet this tung of truth that He brought unto His brothers ahere speaketh out from the Earth's days apast e'en unto this day. What wouldst thou that I do bear o' a more than He hath offered unto them? Nay, doth man not feed 'pon truth and love, lo, he sorrieth sore and nay wonder-work might set him righted.

See, waters flowed as wine and dead arose. Yea and more, the fishes set them anumbered from the one unto the many, and lo, this was the tuning of the men o' that day and yet they did to slay o' Him! And nay man knew of this the wine's flow, the fishes many, nor the deads' arise. Nay, and unto this day doth men to stumble o'er these stones. And yet I say me nay man stumbleth o'er the crosse's offering o' Him! Nay, and he hath left the death's blood bathed clean o' his holied smile, and see, men know o' this thing and love this thing, and who careth for water's wines or fishes many and dead's arise?

Lo, then, this thing be; for lo doth the word o' love sink unto a sorried heart and bathe o' smiles glow what be this? Be it not so wondrous as the fishes many?

What I have given you are only a few of the shorter productions of Patience Worth. The amount of these is sufficient to fill several volumes. A book might be written of her wit and humor; one, too, of her satire, her parables and her short tales. She has written a four-thousand word lyric poem; several stories of three thousand to five thousand

words; a play, *Red Wing*, a romantic drama in six acts, of twenty thousand words; a complete novel of seventy thousand words in archaic English, rich in plot, spicy with wit, wisdom, and folklore and the customs of the early time, which critics have pronounced a literary miracle. This book, called *Telka*, will probably be the next book published.

In addition to all this and thousands of words of conversation, sage advice, and miscellaneous productions, she has just completed the first volume of one hundred and sixty-five thousand words of what she calls *The Sorry Tale*, a story of the time of Christ, laid in Jerusalem and vicinity. The theme and plot of this work are so stupendous and so full of purpose as to make us hesitate to speak of what it might come to mean to the race of our time. The language parallels the St. James version of the Bible, but is stamped with the characteristics and idioms of Patience Worth. This is a fateful work and we are handling it with the greatest reverence. We are almost afraid to see it unravel. The plot is so heavy, the theme so grand, the scenes so portentous, the characters and the movement of the play so somber, that the brain is wearied at times.

Patience seems to appreciate our mental conditions while writing this story, and in order to change the spirit of the hours when too heavy with the woe of the tale, she has begun a story that she calls *The Merry Tale*. This tale is laid centuries ago in England. It opens the scene in an old-time inn. The characters are all lovable and the action and dialogue are uproariously funny. While receiving it the company is continually convulsed. Yet already a thread of sweetness and fine purpose has begun to show in the narrative. It has reached twenty-two thousand words and bids fair to be a "longish put," as Patience would say.

Let us believe that Patience Worth has come back to the world to bring fresh bread of God's love for "the feed of the hungry." She has laid it upon her disciples to scatter the crumbs. Christ gave all and asked for nothing except love. Patience Worth gives all, and asks for nothing except that you love Him more and lend your love to "sweet the days o' Earth." We who have followed her, held prisoner by the sweetness of her loving words, ask and expect nothing except that God's people be told the truth.

“ = = A Charming Spook* ”

William Marion Reedy

“What!” cries the skeptic reader, “more of Patience Worth?” Yes...and it might be much more were I to judge of the demand for news of her in letters from all parts of the United States....

Soon one gets to be “terribly at ease in Zion.” For years I had fought shy of so-called psychic phenomena, feeling that it might not be well to come into relations with, say, the dead. It might dislocate one, set him off after intangibilities, capture his attention overpoweringly, and overwhelm in importance other matters more easily comprehensible. But here I have been hobnobbing over Mrs. John Curran’s ouija board with Patience Worth, who seems to have lived at least two hundred and maybe more years ago and now inhabits eternity, and it’s quite an ordinary thing. It doesn’t interfere with one’s ordinary way of life at all. It’s quite amazingly and amusingly natural....

About February 1915, there began and continued for five weeks in the Sunday *Globe-Democrat* the publication of a series of poems purporting to have been communicated by means of the ouija board to two well-known ladies of St. Louis—Mrs. John H. Curran, wife of the former Immigration Commissioner of Missouri, and Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, wife of Mr. C. Edwin Hutchings, Secretary of the Board of Commissioners of Tower Grove Park. The poems were attributed to a personality named Patience Worth....

The ouija board is a smooth board with two concentric semicircles containing the letters of the alphabet painted or gilded thereon, with a line of numerals, 1 to 0, under them at some distance. The first arc of letters begins with A and proceeds in the regular order, the second arc beginning with N and ending with Z. In the upper right-hand corner of the board is painted “Yea;” in the upper left-hand corner, “Nay.”

*The above concerning the phenomenon of Patience Worth from *Reedy’s Mirror*, was sent me by its distinguished editor, Mr. William Marion Reedy. He thought that it might interest me “as being written by one not committed to the spiritist explanation of that phenomenon.” I have culled bits here and there from his conclusions, unfortunately not having enough space for the whole of one of the most charmingly written diary pen-pictures it has been my pleasure to read. The author’s open confession of the conquest of his skeptical, scoffing self, by the personality of Patience Worth, has indeed been good for his soul—it “buyeth love” for it.—Ed.

With an impetus not originating in either or any of the persons sitting at the board, the pointer, a piece of wood resting upon three short legs, darts from letter to letter, now with great rapidity, now hesitantly. At times the pointer stops at a letter, at the end of a word, and darts to "Nay." Then the communication is resumed, corrected. And thus came a number of poems, parables and tales, one complete play, and a story, to say nothing of communications innumerable to the operators of the board and to investigating visitors of more or less prominence in the professional and intellectual life of St. Louis.

For the authenticity of these productions and the integrity of the personal media of their communication, Mr. Casper S. Yost, editorial director of the *Globe-Democrat*, vouched most unreservedly. I knew Mrs. Hutchings but did not know Mrs. Curran. Mrs. Hutchings is a trained writer and a most scrupulous reporter. Mr. Yost, who participated in the sittings, is a man of high character. There is absolutely no question of the integrity of any of the parties to the experience with the ouija board. When it is operated it is in a fully lighted room, without any of the usual concomitants of mystery and necromancy. . . .

Now, Mrs. Curran is an educated woman, but not overwhelmingly so. She has read the usual novels, the usual poems that an educated woman reads. She is not familiar with early English literature. She is no philologist. She is simply a woman of agreeable intelligence, not at all, as we would say, "a high brow." She knows nothing of the roots of language. Yet she has spelled out on the ouija board many hundreds of thousands of words in an English most primitive, with no Norman, Italian, Latin, Spanish, Danish or other origins. Mrs. Curran is a musician and singer, but I doubt if she knows the dialect of the earliest known English song that has come down to us—"Summer is a cumin in." She doesn't know Langland or Chaucer. She's read Shakespeare, of course, and the Bible. But she is not soaked in early English or, indeed, in later English literature. Often she cannot understand the —argot, let us call it, of the questions put to the personality whose letter-by-letter dictation she spells out, and sometimes while she reads off the words of Patience Worth's answers she knows the words all right but the ideas conveyed by them utterly escape her..

A well-known professor of English literature, an authority, indeed, upon the growth and use of the language, has read all, has seen and heard delivered much of the matter purporting to come from Patience Worth. He has studied it carefully in the light of all his knowledge. He has looked up the language used, in all the glossaries. There is no man, not even W. W. Skeat, whose opinion upon a point of early English linguistics I would more unhesitatingly accept than this professor's. He finds the language wonderful. . . .

It is a speech that is living and living only in such use as is made of it in, on and by Mrs. Curran's ouija board. Mrs. Curran herself is no more mistress of this speech than I am of the forms of, speech of, let us say, the writings of Walter Scott.

Such then is the situation. Neither Mrs. Curran nor any of her associates speaks the speech which Mrs. Curran takes on the ouija board. She does not know Latin. She never tried to write anything of her own initiative in any early English forms. She knows nothing of that literature. Yet in that speech she is the medium for communications of enormous length and in those communications there is one thoroughly consistent character manifest—the character of a woman. This woman, Patience Worth, does not date herself. She does not locate herself otherwise than “here,” meaning, to her auditors, “there”—wherever that may be. She is supposed to have knowledge of Plymouth settlement and to dislike the Indians. It is not clear that she was married. She was asked that, and intimated it were well to let by-gones be by-gones, or words to that effect. She has seemed to intimate, a time or two, that she has never lived as her interlocutors live. . . .

Mrs. Curran reads the board now like lightning. But the execution of the writings of Patience Worth as a literary *tour de force*, like Hewlett's work, let us say, in a book like “The Queen's Quair” or Henry Newbolt's Arthurian romance, “Aladore,” is as much beyond her attainment as would be my writing of an article in French or German. Of herself, she has told me, she never has essayed the writing of any story or novel or poem in the speech that is native to her tongue. She is simply a bright woman, able to hold her own in conversation with people of intelligence. Her special skill is in music, in vocal music. Yet she writes for

Patience Worth, a long play, a long novel, a tale and a historical novel of the time of Christ and with the local color of Palestine under Tiberius, while she has read off from the board poems of rather complicated thought and imagination and in language not of this day. There is not only intelligence in these works; there is a fine fancy, an aesthetic arrangement of scenes and incidents; a selection and impliedly a rejection of material that is, as we say, "artistic." If a trained writer gave us these works of Patience Worth, I would think that he or she was palming off something upon us as a display of an especial knowledge of early English speech in an imitation of accepted models of literary form of that earlier time. But Mrs. Curran is not suspected of any such ability as this, nor is her husband.

There have been so-called spirit-dictated or spirit-written poems and stories written before. None, though, to be compared, for primitive vigor and verisimilitude, with the works of Patience Worth. None with anything like the quality of these in life and art. There are I don't know how many volumes of transcriptions of things communicated by Patience Worth during two years. Her language never varies. It is consistent ever, whether in answering some visitor's questions or in dictating a poem or story. You read and read and read, and Patience Worth is ever Patience Worth in the texture of speech, the tinge and tang of thought. She has her "style," as clearly marked, as strongly individualized as the style of Dr. Johnson or Carlyle or Browning. She has a phraseology peculiar to herself. The quality of mind shown in this language is feminine—captivatingly so. There's a blitheness of spirit in her words. Her speech has in abundance—*character*. She has a grasp of ideas not common. There is nothing in the conversation of Mrs. Curran that has the peculiar sapidity of Patience Worth though Mrs. Curran talks well. If Patience Worth is a subconscious personality of Mrs. Curran, there are no outcroppings of Patience Worth in Mrs. Curran's manner or language. . . .

There may be, though, in these matters I have cited as to the way Mrs. Curran describes her getting of the words of Patience, a hint of some awakening of subconsciousness, of a dual personality, and yet I cannot see how language and ideas could come from a subconsciousness in

Mrs. Curran when there is no trace or memory of any of the things she gives forth having been imparted to her consciousness at any time in her past history. Could the memory come from before Mrs. Curran's birth in some continuation of a cell-consciousness of such language and ideas from her progenitors? That is too deep for a very amateur psychologist like myself. As for dual personality in Mrs. Curran, let us see. Personality is spirit. A dual personality is a personality of two spirits. The thing is named, not explained. I am trying to tell only that which I heard and saw and know of this matter. Some of the subtlest psychologists of the country are about to investigate Mrs. Curran and Patience Worth scientifically, and I will await their finding....

Patience Worth may be Patience Worth passed to another life, with an intelligence that is as pure light, with a sympathy warmly universal, or she may be, as the sleuths of *eidola* would have it, a secondary personality or sub-conscious self of Mrs. Curran: I will not argue that here and now. This only will I say: Whoever or whatever or wherever Patience Worth may be, she *can write* literature packed with personality, adorned with every grace and felicity of expression and a strange atmosphere of other-where-ness glamoring her picture of times and things "ahere." She is witty and aphoristic in a homely way. She is saucy, but never rude. She will not answer personal questions about herself or tell you the usual stock things of so many spirit communications, about lost jack-knives in the distant past, or when your wealthy grandmother is going to die, or whether you're going to inherit money or take a profit or loss on a speculation. None of that stuff goes with Patience. She doesn't like big words. She is ready with repartee and she says things that probe the character of her questioners. Often she will comment upon an unspoken thought of one in the party when she is communicating. She can say sweet things prettily, as well as sharp. Indeed, she is a wholly charming personality, much beloved by all who have come under her influence—a womanly woman, with mind and heart and a wee bit of temper at times. And always she has her insistent, her iterated and reiterated message. A beautiful message....

Mrs. Curran went to Boston to be investigated by Prof. Morton Prince, this country's premier psychologist. In the course of his investigation Prof. Prince wished Mrs. Curran to submit to being hypnotized. She refused to do so. She did right. No one should submit to being hypnotized, to the surrender of that person's will into the control of another person. Dr. Prince's idea was evidently that in hypnosis a second personality, a subconscious Mrs. Curran would come to the surface and reveal itself as the intelligence calling itself Patience Worth. It might and then again it might not. But if it had, the mystery would still not have been solved. For myself the mystery would remain—the mystery of genius. Nothing any psychologist may or can say can touch the thing with which Patience Worth's works deal. They may or they may not be the works of a spirit, but they are piercingly, profoundly spiritual. They have a value of themselves independent altogether of the manner of their communication. Whether Mrs. Curran should have submitted to Prof. Prince's hypnotization is not for anyone else to say. Put the question to yourself: Would I submit to hypnotization? Your answer governs only you, but the answer of most intelligent persons is, No. And, if one had a "familiar" of such charm and goodness as Patience Worth, would he or she take any possible chance of losing it? Again the answer is, No. One has but to read in the *Boston Globe* what Patience told the professor, to feel that "she" was right in saying, when he asked, touching Mrs. Curran's hand, if she felt the touch, "Nay, thou art atickle o' flesh and I be a smoke that seeketh awither 'neath my hand!" The *Boston Globe's* story of the interview between Patience and Professor Prince shows that the psychologist was fencing with another such spirit as thrust and parried in converse and high debate with Ben Jonson at the Mermaid. Not even such a net as hypnosis could snare that intangible, blithe, keen and subtle essence which is poetry. Not even in that fascinating volume, "The Varieties of Religious Experience," by William James (Longmans, Green & Co., New York) will there be found a more interesting religious experience than that of those who have come under the spell of the mysteriously delivered message of Patience Worth.

The Wider Psychology of Insanity

Carl Ramus, M. D.

One of the most profoundly significant facts in the ever-widening circle of modern thought is the infiltration of the rational and stimulating influence of psychology into every department of human knowledge. Nowhere has the effect been more beneficial than in the field of psychiatry, especially in the investigations of insanity. It may be strange, but the vital connection between psychology and insanity was not made very evident until recently. In the discoveries of psychoanalysis, one of the youngest of the sciences, we seem now to have demonstrated that insanity is, in large part, only an abnormal psychological condition.

In yet another way, psychoanalysis is destined to influence and widen world-thought. Its main conclusions have such striking analogies with those of oriental psychology that when the fact becomes more obvious to investigators it should operate to draw together in harmonious association the great eastern and western systems of thought.

In a paper of this length it will be impossible to go at length into either system. As psychoanalysis is still so young that it is not yet widely known or duly appreciated, and as oriental psychology is so much ignored by western investigators, the main principles in each system will be summarized and their correspondences noted. An effort will be made to interpret normal and abnormal psychology by a combined method of analysis. The claims of psychoanalysis will be presented first.

The Unconscious.—Perhaps the most startling thing in psychoanalysis is its claim that the human waking consciousness is in reality but a small part of the actual individual consciousness; that above and beyond and outside our conscious life is a far larger or greater consciousness. To the layman, that seems paradoxical—that we should be unconscious of the greater part of our consciousness; and perhaps that is the intuitive reason why that greater consciousness has been given the otherwise singularly inappropriate name of the unconscious. In that immense region are stored the memories of all events in the personal

experience, from earliest infancy. The unconscious or greater consciousness, is revealed in many ways: by flashes of genius, by the occasional occurrence of unexpected and unrealized personal powers, by hypnotism, and in the phenomena of dreams.

Dreams.—The dream state is the bridge between the unconscious and the conscious, or waking state. Dreams are said to be invariably the expressions of wishes in the unconscious. Dreams are always important, very important; and the more trivial they seem the more deeply significant they may be. Dream interpretation is hardly ever literal, but based upon a rather elaborate system of dream symbolism. Dreams that are obviously instigated by recent personal experiences are said to have a symbolic meaning nevertheless.

As yet psychoanalysis is exceedingly cautious and self-limiting, not admitting the occurrence of actual prophetic dreams except as mere coincidences. Also it regards dreams as being purely subjective, or emanations from one's own unconscious and having no true connection or communication with any other individual consciousness. And yet it is admitted that such subjective experiences are as intensely real in the psychological sphere as is the reality of the ordinary waking life.

In the scientific recognition of the dream state as having a serious meaning, we see at once what an immense leap science has made into a region formerly regarded as that of gross and driveling superstition. A few years ago we were afraid to tell our dreams lest some scientific listener might suspect that we secretly believed in them. We shrank from the thought of the lofty smile of withering contempt for our credulous mentality. But all that has been reversed by psychoanalysis. We are now afraid to tell our dreams because we fear that we may be exposing to the cold and unsympathetic brain of science in grotesque dream symbolism, our secret and unconventional desires.

Dissociation.—The stream of human thought may run in separate channels from the unconscious to the conscious mind. The reason for such separation is internal conflict between the unrestrained desires of the unconscious and the conventional limitations always hedging in freedom of action in the waking state. This is shown in such cases as

the occasional devout church member who cheats in business. The two lines of conduct are entirely incompatible, and the conflict is solved by the stream of the consciousness breaking up or dividing into two streams or compartments which do not interfere with each other if explanations can be avoided. Such states of mind are called "logic-tight compartments." In delusional insanity the compartments may be so logic-tight that a patient imagining himself a king will feel no inconsistency when told to sweep the floor of his ward.

Rationalization.—Most of us imagine that our actions are largely determined by our previous thought and judgment. A pitiless self-analysis shows us that the reverse is usually true. We act in the first place almost always from impulse or desire. Afterwards, in order to justify or excuse our conduct to ourselves or to others, we proceed to "rationalize," or construct intelligent motives for such conduct. The more we are able to associate ideas the more we can rationalize, until presently we convince even ourselves that we had numerous motives for our action. Thus the devout churchman will rationalize and justify—to himself—his dishonesty in business matters. The insane man, however, avoids explanations and ignores inconsistencies.

Psychic Energy.—The nature of motive impulses back of the manifestations of the unconscious is at present a matter of controversy which has divided psychoanalysis into two schools. Dr. Sigmund Freud, the eminent pioneer worker in this new field, holds that unconscious sexual desire is the essential dynamic force in most instances. Dr. Carl Jung, the other great authority in psychoanalysis, differs materially from Freud. He substitutes psychic energy for sexual desire, holding that only a part of that energy manifests as sex desire. Jung's conception of psychic energy appeals to us as being more reasonable and more in accord with nature than Freud's sex theory. And yet we admit that Freud's belief in the almost invariable sex influence in dreams has much support from the facts of life.

The Censor.—This is one of the most interesting and suggestive conceptions of psychoanalysis. It is assumed to be a kind of psychological barrier or shock-absorber resting between the unconscious and the conscious, its purpose being to soften or modify the effects of unconscious

impulses on the conscious or waking life. For example: All memory is in the conscious. We know by personal experience how beneficent is the arrangement in the mechanism of consciousness which allows forgetfulness or haziness of disagreeable experiences in the course of time. One of the functions of the censor is to cause this amnesia. It has another physical analogue in the pre-ganglionic fibres which guard the vital nerve-ganglia from the full force emotional shocks, according to Cannon of Harvard.

The censor also causes the symbolism of dreams. For the better protection of the brain consciousness, it avoids shocks and conflicts by expressing the unfulfilled wishes of the unconscious in symbolic form. Dream interpretation is therefore an important part of practical psychoanalysis.

Dissociation is another function—or defect?—of the censor. When engaged in this activity it has still another physical analogy, that of a prism breaking up a beam of light into its elements.

Fantasy.—The practical value of psychoanalysis lies in its application to the interpretation of abnormal mental states and to self-analysis. Let us return once more to the “psychic energy” theory of Jung. The psychic energy will be most manifested where its interest and attention are centered. The larger region of the unconscious is one of fantasy and unreality when contrasted with the material facts of waking life. In what are considered normal persons, a sufficient amount of psychic energy is centered in the waking consciousness to make it adaptable to its environment. In abnormal persons the distribution of psychic energy in the unconscious and conscious is not in the usual ratio of, say, three to one—a purely arbitrary number for purposes of illustration. The censor is supposed to be at fault. If weak, too much psychic energy enters the conscious. If over-strong, or resistive, too little enters the conscious. In the latter event the center of interest and attention is more in the unconscious region of fantasy than in the outer world. In both cases the expression in the conscious will be mental abnormality. When there is excess of psychic energy, there is then excess of physical action, of emotion and of thought, as shown in mania. When there is deficiency of psychic energy the expression in the conscious life is depression, indifference, introspection, and gener-

al retardation of consciousness, as in melancholia. In psychiatry, mania and melancholia are now recognized as the positive and negative phases of one disease—manic-depressive insanity. In both phases the fantastic conceptions of the unconscious are present in the conscious. In the mental disease called hysteria, the repressed and unfulfilled wishes of the unconscious self are believed to find symbolic expression in the symptoms complained of, and in the dreams of the patients. Freud and his school hold that all hysterical unconscious wishes have their origin in suppressed sexual desire. Jung and his followers regard sex as being only one of several causative factors.

The discoveries and conceptions of psychoanalysis appear to touch the outermost boundaries of western psychology. They recognize the existence of a consciousness greater than that which can be projected through a physical brain, but as yet they do not admit a medium in which this greater consciousness must reside. To be sure, they do postulate a kind of mechanism, including a "censor," but assume it to be entirely subjective or unreal. So in actual effect the studies in psychology and psychoanalysis have developed a rational and coherent and beautiful outline, but which, traced to its source, is assumed to rest on a subjective or imaginary structure—on nothingness!

Oriental Psychology.—Three fundamental aspects of consciousness are recognized by both systems. In the West they are usually stated as (1) intellect or cognition; (2) feeling or emotion; and (3) will or volition, and desire. In the East they include desire under the head of feeling or emotion. Also they identify volition with action. They regard action or endeavor as being the outer expression of volition; or to state it in another way, volition is the inner nature of action.

Mechanism of Consciousness.—Force without matter is unthinkable; that is to say, force can be made manifest only through some medium capable of expressing it or transmitting it. So with consciousness in its triple manifestation,—will, emotion, and thought. They must now be regarded as forces in Nature as definite as electricity. Cannon and others have shown that the emotions, fear and anger, are accompanied by bodily chemical action—exactly as the production of galvanic electricity accompanies

chemical dissociation. In the modern view, then, we cannot think of consciousness *manifesting* subjectively; in order to manifest it must have a medium capable of transmitting or conducting it.

Sheaths of Consciousness.—Probably the pivotal doctrine of oriental psychology is the conception of material sheaths of consciousness other than the physical brain for the expression of thought and emotion. The three basic aspects of consciousness—volition, emotion, thought or cognition—are each provided with a body or sheath for their special manifestations. As the physical body is the sheath for the expression of volition or action, so, by analogy, emotion and thought must each have special bodies or sheath in which their essential characters or modes of consciousness can function.

But as it is obvious that all three modes of consciousness have to function simultaneously through a physical brain, it would seem to be a logical, sequential necessity that all three *sheaths* of consciousness must be blended in the same space, or be interpenetrating. It naturally follows therefore that if material sheaths of consciousness interpenetrate, their substances must be of different order from the physical. There is nothing in this idea that is antagonistic to the latest theories of western science. It is simply another and a practical application of the electron theory. The present scientific theory of the constitution of matter is that it consists, not of mere atoms, as formerly taught with all the force of dogma, but of particles almost inconceivably finer than atoms; while the atoms themselves consist of aggregations of myriads of these particles or electrons. Science is not yet prepared to call the electrons matter, but compromises for the present by viewing electrons as “atoms” of electricity.

When the phenomenon of electrical conductivity through metals is interpreted by the electron theory, we have before us the demonstration of the interpenetrability of matter. If electrons are electricity, and if matter consists of electrons, then when electricity passes through metal we have the passage of matter through matter!

Following this line of thought, there is no difficulty in thinking of emotional and mental sheaths of consciousness as consisting of matter in the electron state, or in still finer

subdivision. Being of such nature, they can easily be thought of as interpenetrating or occupying the same space as the physical sheath of consciousness.

Physical Sheaths of Consciousness.—Oriental psychology makes an important division in the physical mechanism of consciousness. It regards the physical body as consisting of two parts, an outer or dense body, and an inner, ethereal body. The etheric body is still physical, though consisting of matter in a finer state of atomic structure than the hydrogen atom, and probably analogous with Crookes' fourth state of matter. It is an exact double or counterpart of the dense body interpenetrating it. This etheric sheath has several important functions. It forms a connecting link of intermediate matter between the dense body and the emotional and mental sheaths. It regulates the stream of consciousness and the flow of vital force, and controls physical sensation and brain memory. There is already some physical evidence suggesting the existence of this etheric sheath. When human and animal bodies are observed through Kelner's screens, an aura or hazy extension can be seen. The screens are said to have the virtue of augmenting the power of the retina temporarily so that auras can be seen for a while afterwards without using the screen. Baraduc's photographic experiments of some twenty years ago point in the same direction by showing variations in the plates in the area corresponding to the human aura under different emotions.

The Ego.—Oriental psychology recognizes a still greater individual consciousness, a higher self which is the source of volition, emotion, and cognition; and a sphere in which they exist archetypally. Action and volition are abstract will there; emotion is intuition or unity; and intellect is abstract wisdom. This higher triad is united in an ultimate individual self, which finally merges with the cosmic consciousness, or the one self,—the oversoul of Emerson.

Psychoanalysis and Oriental Psychology.—The discoveries and daring conceptions of psychoanalysis stand among the most important achievements of pure intellect. Its weakest point is the subjective or metaphysical character assigned to its mechanism of consciousness. Science now regards force and matter as being inseparable. Consciousness has so many analogies with force that we find it dif-

difficult to think of consciousness without a material medium or mechanism for its manifestations; such a mechanism is furnished by oriental psychology. When buttressed with this mechanism for consciousness, psychoanalysis, psychology, and psychiatry definitely take their places in material science.

The *unconscious* of psychoanalysis becomes in oriental psychology the manifestation of consciousness in the emotional and mental sheaths—or the superphysical. Those sheaths are *material* in substance, though ultra-physical, and therefore their phenomena are not subjective but *objective* on their own planes. On those planes of consciousness, desire and thought *are action*; that is to say, *creative*. The degree of illusion there is far greater than here, because of the creative power of desire and thought in the plastic material of those planes. What we merely visualize in thought here, we actually create there; and the strength and duration of such creations depend on the force and concentration of our attention.

The *ensor* of psychoanalysis is obviously identical with the etheric double of oriental psychology. It is the normal barrier or link between the physical and the superphysical. It regulates the flow of vital energy to the physical, and presides over the exchanges of psychic energy or consciousness between the brain and the higher sheaths.

Dreams, in oriental psychology, are the filtered memories of objective experiences in the superphysical, after passing through and being altered or symbolized by the etheric double. Personal experience argues that when people say: "I never dream," or "I had a dreamless sleep," those statements are not fact. The presumption is that the larger consciousness never sleeps, and that when people do not dream, it means only that they do not remember their dreams. All of us have awakened and not remembered anything until, later in the day, or after several days, when a chance remark perhaps calls up a vivid memory of a long and detailed dream experience. The dreams of most people are largely subjective, but subjective only in the sense that they are mere thought-desire creations. But when thought and emotion are under the exceptional control attained by some oriental students, the greater reality of the superphysical becomes evident to them.

Fantasy, or day-dreaming, is essentially the same as sleep-dreaming. The only difference is that day-dreams are limited or conditioned by association with the physical brain consciousness, while sleep-dreams come to full realization in their own realm, where desire and thought are creative forces.

The Interpretation of Insanity.—Under the oriental conception, insanity means a break or obstruction of the relation between the ego and his vehicles of consciousness. By that is understood an abnormal condition or distortion of one or more of the sheaths of consciousness whereby they are unable to transmit the stream of consciousness from the ego, or higher self, to the physical brain in the usual manner. The abnormality may be in any one or more of the four sheaths of consciousness. No matter which may be affected, the final expression of abnormality will be in the physical brain consciousness. As generally speaking there are four sheaths of consciousness, there will be four general divisions of the insane, or four types of insanity.

In the first place it is essential to realize that a defective physical brain may obscure and distort *all* the manifestations of consciousness. For example, in general paresis (softening of the brain) there are disorders of action shown by tremors and other signs, and disorders of emotion, thought, and judgment. In that disease it would be difficult to know whether other sheaths were also affected. For the same reason we could not say whether in dementia precox higher sheaths are at fault, because it seems to have a physio-chemical setting, though not definitely a disease of the brain.

Injuries and Drugs.—The brain, in its function as conductor of consciousness, is affected by many physical and chemical agents. Head injuries may interrupt the current by dislocating the fine adjustments between the brain and its etheric double. Some drugs have profound effects on the psychic capacity of the brain. Opium quiets and soothes by blocking off or creating resistance to discharges of emotional force. Belladonna and cannabis indica, in large doses, quite seriously alter orientation as to time and distance, by permitting so great a flow from the superphysical planes that the extended conditions of time and space there are projected into the physical brain

consciousness. Cocaine, and to a lesser extent caffeine, seem to open wider the channels between the mental sheath and the brain, so that for the time being there is enhanced freedom of intellectual processes and no feeling of brain fatigue. Alcohol increases the brain output of low-grade emotional force from the emotional plane, expressing itself as passionate desire freed from the ordinary conventions, and also invariably with more or less mental blur.

The Point of View.—Wherever the consciousness is centered, wherever the interest and the attention are directed there will be the real world of the personality. While in the normal personality the larger part of the consciousness is outside the brain, still the *focus* of the combined consciousness is in the brain while awake, but in the superphysical sheaths while asleep. In abnormal personalities the focus of consciousness is more in the superphysical sheaths, or at an intermediate point, or movable. In manic-depressive insanity the focus is movable. It is in the physical consciousness during the stage of excitement, and because of the excess of psychic energy rushing in from the unconscious, there are the symptoms of "pressure activity" and "flight of ideas." The focus is in the emotional division of the unconscious, or superphysical, during the depressed stage, and the etheric censor has nearly closed the psychic channel leading into the physical brain. In insanity of certain delusional types the conditions of consciousness seem to be completely reversed. The patient who believes himself a king or emperor has his focus of consciousness so fixed in the fantasies of the emotional plane that the conditions of ordinary waking life, such as the necessity of performing some menial tasks in the ward, appear to him like the intrusions of bad dreams.

In paranoia we have an abnormal mental state in which there is no physical disease and no emotional disturbance *per se*. The reasoning power is unimpaired, and very subtle and logical, but always with a warp in its system of thought. It starts out with unsound premises, and then builds up a logical system of false interpretations. The ever-present feature is intense selfishness and egotism, which culminates in delusions of grandeur. The subject is the heir to a throne, and is kept in the asylum by the plotting of those who would keep him out of his king-

dom. The logical and systematized delusions, the intense egotism, and the absence of brain disease and of emotional disturbance indicate that the cause of paranoia is a disease or distortion of the mental sheath of consciousness.

Double personality is a condition in which the subjects may leave their homes and business and go to other cities, taking new names and new work. Their manners and habits change entirely. They may remember their normal states, but regard them with indifference, as if concerning someone else. Such states may last from a few hours to many years. The return to the original condition is usually sudden, and the thread of consciousness is taken up just where it was interrupted.

Reasoning from psychoanalysis and oriental psychology, double personality is accounted for in this way: In normal personalities the current or stream of consciousness flows from the superphysical through the etheric double to the physical brain, contacting the outer world, and back again to its source, forming a kind of circuit of consciousness. The passage of the psychic current makes what are called "association paths" in the cerebrum, which may be compared to the sound grooves on a phonographic record.

In the subjects of double personality there is some kind of interference with the normal flow of consciousness through the physical brain. Either its conducting power is diminished by disease, or something corresponding to an electrical short circuit occurs; the psychic wires get "grounded," and the current leaves out the brain and passes direct from the etheric double to the outer world. The focus of personal consciousness then transfers itself from the brain to the etheric double. While the psychic consciousness is short circuited, no association or memory paths form in the brain. When the normal circuit is restored there is no brain memory of what happened during the short circuit, because no memory record of those events was made in the brain. But *all* those memories are registered in the superphysical or unconscious, and the etheric censor sometimes allows glimpses of them to flash down into the brain during its normal phase.

The subject of double personality is altogether too large to be dealt with exhaustively in one article, and the theories

just given do not apply in certain cases. Likewise with insanity and the obscure question of obsession.

Conclusion.—Psychoanalysis has widened western thought by helping to bring it into touch with some part of the grander philosophy of the orient, with its age-long experience and wisdom. In developing its conception of the unconscious, psychoanalysis has penetrated, through the intellect, to a self greater than the intellect, a self that would have been better named the *conscious* than the unconsciousness. By giving dream phenomena a dignified place in scientific investigation, it has opened up for study a rich and unlimited field of experience in consciousness. In the treatment of hysteria and allied neurotic states psychoanalysis has come like a searchlight in the dark, bringing health and usefulness to many who had been hopelessly enmeshed in nets of illusion, by making them understand *themselves*. By recognizing the existence of realities behind symbolic thought, the way is made easier for the better understanding of much of the higher teaching of the orient. The psychologic conception of insanity has cleared away the greatest obstacles to its intelligent understanding, and has made possible its wide study as a part of psychology by non-medical readers.

Finally, and most important, the comparative study of eastern and western psychology should serve to draw together the young and virile intellect of the great West, and the ancient wisdom of the Orient. And as the thought of nations and of races becomes gradually unified, they begin to understand each other as never before, and the old barriers of prejudice, caste, creed, and color fade away, dissolve, and disappear. Common thought will lead to common feeling, until at last the nations know themselves as one, in the great brotherhood of humanity.



How the Karoks Got Fire*

George Wharton James

North of Mt. Shasta on the Klamath River, used to live a tribe of Indians known as the Karoks. In their prime, sixty or eighty years ago, they were regarded as the finest tribe of Indians in California. They were strong, tall, athletic, with well-rounded limbs, sturdy bodies, pleasing features, and full of courage, strength, and daring.

Like other Indians, however, they had no written language. All their myths, legends, and traditions were spoken, and handed down by one generation to the next.

Often have I sat with a band of Indians around the camp fire, when an old Shaman, or medicine man, has promised to tell some "tale of the old." On one occasion he was to tell "How the Karoks got Fire." Every eye was intent upon him. He was in no hurry to begin until all were alert to listen, for none must interrupt him when he had once started the story. His fine face was aglow with inward thoughts and the reflection from the blaze of the burning wood. Suddenly, in a sweet and mellow voice, he began.

After Kareya (the name they call God) had made the earth and all living things, man for a while was content until he realized that he was without fire with which to warm himself in winter, to heat water, to boil his acorn porridge, and cook his salmon and other foods. It was his habit, whenever he was in distress, to call upon the wise and cunning Coyote to assist him. Accordingly, several of the Karoks visited the Coyote to ask him what they should do to secure fire.

Now, as all Karoks knew, when Kareya made the Sun, he built a house by the place of Sunrise,—in the far East,—where the Sun remained each night until it was time to arise. This Sun-house was guarded by two old witches who were so careful that none should even gaze upon the object of their care, that no living person had ever been known to see the Sun while resting in the Sun-house.

When the Karoks laid their desire before Coyote, however, that daring creature laughed at their fears.

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"Fire?" said he, "of course you can have fire. All that you must do is to go and get it."

But how?

They talked long among themselves until they were tired, but no one saw how it was to be done. When the Coyote saw that his time had come to act, he bravely shouted: "You want fire. Do you dare follow my plan to get it?"

At once the Karoks declared they dared do anything that he would do with them.

"Agreed!" said Coyote. "Gather together one of every kind of animal of the whole country,—mountain lion, lynx, wild cat, grizzly bear, cinnamon bear, black bear, antelope, deer, rabbit, cottontail, squirrel, chipmunk, and frog,—and have them ready for me at to-morrow's dawn, with two of your bravest men, who are also your quickest runners.

Messengers were sent out at once, and by sunrise the next morning the animals were all assembled. Coyote now explained his plan, so far. Said he to the animals: "I am going to place you in line, as if we were going to run a relay race. The animal nearest the land of the Karoks is to be the frog. Next to him, but a mile beyond, is to be the chipmunk; then, a mile further, the squirrel, followed by the other animals at the proper distance. You must all wait at your respective stations, with your eyes and ears alert, and watch for the coming of the animal ahead of you. When you see him running to you, he will have the fire in his mouth. Perhaps one, or both, of the fire-witches will be after him, but you must pay no attention to them. Keep your eyes on the animal, and when he reaches you and gives you the fire-brand, you seize it and dart off with it as fast as you can run in the direction of home. Let nothing stop you, allow nothing to keep you from doing your duty, for if you thus obtain fire for the Karoks they will ever afterwards be your good friends."

When all the animals were in line up to the lynx, panther, and mountain lion, Coyote went on ahead with the two Karok men. "Now," said he, "you and I must work together. We have the most difficult task of all: I to get into the fire-house, outwit the witches and steal the fire; and you to keep them busy until I can get away with it

as far as the mountain lion. You stop here; I shall go to the fire-house and ask to be let in to get warm. If I don't come back in an hour you will know I am inside. Then you come, one to the front door, the other to the rear door. The one at the front must knock violently on the door. The witches will no doubt rush to see what is the matter and open the door. When they do so, you must see that it is kept open. The next moment the man at the back door must knock on it as hard as he can and cause a terrible noise. Then leave the rest to me."

Accordingly, Coyote went up to the door, and timidly knocked.

"Who's there?" asked a harsh voice from within.

"Only a poor tired Coyote who is nearly frozen to death; open the door, kind women and let me in," replied Coyote.

Both witches came and opened the door. One wished to let the Coyote in; the other said "No!" But crafty Coyote looked at her and said: "I am sure so kind a woman with so sweet a face will let a poor, tired, cold Coyote come in to get warm and rest at your fire."

The flattery performed its purpose, though there was little real hospitality in the permission that was surlily granted him. In a few moments he was lying at full length before the fire, his nose resting on his paws, enjoying the warmth to the full. The witches watched him suspiciously, but Coyote looked neither to right nor left. Had they seen his eyes, though, their suspicions would not have grown less, for while he seemed to be asleep with the one eye next to them, with the other he was wide awake and keenly alive to everything that was passing. By and by they quieted down to take their usual rest. They had apparently just dropped off to sleep when there was a sharp rapping at the front door.

"Itch to your bones, you wretched pest!" the witches cried, as they rushed to the door and opened it wide. There stood the Karok man, making wild motions with his hands, mouth, and face as if he were crazy, but he took good care to put his foot in the doorway so that the door could not be slammed to.

The next moment a most terrific din was heard at the rear door. What curses the witches uttered no one

will ever know; for, no sooner did they rush to the rear, than up jumped Coyote, seized a particular flame brand of fire which he had been watching, and dashed away towards Karokland as fast as he could run. But, though he was so cunning, the witches were more quick and active than he thought. Like a flash they were after him. He little dreamed that there could be so much energy in such "bags of bones" as they seemed to be. They were pressing hard upon him and in a few more moments would have caught him, when, to his vast relief, there sprang out from behind an immense boulder a great mountain lion. With a gasp, Coyote gave him the fire brand and away he sprang with great leaps and bounds. But the witches did not halt. Their lives were at stake. They knew they dared not return to the fire-house without the stolen fire-brand. So on they flew. Nearer they came to the mountain lion until he began to fear he would be caught. Then the panther came in sight and seized the brand. On, on, the race continued. The lynx, the bear, the antelope, the deer, were all requisitioned in turn, and each had the race of his life to keep the fire-brand from the clutches of the witches. Would they never tire? No! They seemed possessed of supernatural power. On, on, the pursued animals fled, the witches ever at their heels. When the brand came to the squirrel he flew so fast, and dodged around rocks and trees so speedily, that, as the sparks flew out behind him, they set his bushy-tail on fire. This made him curl it up over his back, and that set fire to his back and burned the black ridge we now always find on the back of the squirrel! At last the frog seized the brand. By this time it was quite small. The poor little frog hopped and jumped his best, but the witches were too fast for him so to preserve the fire he swallowed the brand. The next moment one of the witches fell down on her knees and seized him in her fierce clutches. She nearly crushed the life out of his little body, but there remained breath enough to exclaim: "Let me go and I'll cough up the fire, if you'll not kill me!"

"Agreed!" said the witch, and she released her hold on the frog. In a second he leaped into a near-by pond of water, but not so quickly but that the witch caught hold of his tail—frogs had tails in those days—and jerked it

off. (And that is the reason, by the way, that frogs, unlike tadpoles, from which they grow, have no tails.)

But though the witch had the frog's tail, she did not secure the fire-brand; and though she and her companion searched far and wide, and waited as long as they dared, at last they were compelled to return home without it. The frog then came out of his hiding place with a happy croak and told how he had swum to the other side of the pond and there hid the fire in a hole in a dry log, where it was later found securely buried. Therefore it is that fire is always to be found in dry wood.

So to this day, when the Indians wish to light a fire they rub together two pieces of dry wood, and in a little time a flame bursts forth.

Kareya

“Great Spirit of the land of ‘Everywhere,’
Gives full measure of His blessings to all men.
But if it hap that selfishness or greed
Withhold for one alone what love has given all,
His ministers may need some instrument as means
To right a wrong within the land of ‘Here.’
To use a creature’s cunning might to some seem foul,
But it rejoices in a sacrifice unto so fair an end.”

Indians in the Desert

Hernando C. Villa

Graduate of Los Angeles School
of Art and Design



*The evening glow yet lingers
And I sit with my gourd rattle
Engaged in the sacred chant.
As I wave the eagle feathers
We hear the magic rumbling.*

—A Pima Healing Chant

Drawn for *The Channel* (c)

Pimeria

Anthony Hale



O the Spanish conquerors named the desert region where live the Pima Indians. Adjacent to this part is Papagueria, or the country of the Papagos, an offshoot of the Pima Tribe.

This people furnishes a study for the ethnologist and the occultist in that by reason of their hitherto almost complete isolation they are, as it were, peculiar to themselves and what they have is of their own discovery or creation. A few years ago could have been found here what might be regarded as humanity in a pristine condition, exhibiting its virtues and vices without pruning or grafting of civilization. At the present time these people are in a state of change. The surrounding sea of civilization is encroaching ever more and more upon them and it is only a question of time before they will be submerged as completely as the lost Atlantis. I do not write of new conditions so much as of those just passed or passing, for the metamorphosis is not admirable. I write of these Pimas and Papagos rather as I found them some twenty or more years ago, almost untouched by the ravishments of change. Nor will I say that I shall represent them as they actually were or are, for who can eliminate the personal equation from his judgment or who criticize justly a people entirely different from his own? But I shall write of them rather as I have seen and appreciated them. (Let me bring this foreword to a close. How stilted and tedious a thing is the most carefully planned introduction!)

The good Major Emory says of his arrival here in 1846:

"We came in at the back of the settlement of Pima Indians, and found our troops encamped in a corn field, from which the corn had been gathered. We were at once impressed with the beauty, order and disposition of the arrangements for irrigating and draining the land. Corn, wheat, and cotton are the crops of this peaceful and intelligent race of people. All the crops have been gathered in and the stubbles show they have been luxuriant. The cotton has been picked and stacked for drying on the tops of sheds. The fields are subdivided by ridges of earth into rectangles of about 200 x 100

feet for the convenience of irrigating. The fences are of sticks, wattled with willow and mesquite, and in this particular set an example of economy in agriculture worthy to be followed by the Mexicans, who never use fences at all. . . .

"To us it was a rare sight to be thrown in the midst of a large nation of what is termed wild Indians, surpassing many of the Christian nations in agriculture, little behind them in the useful arts, and immeasurably before them in honesty and virtue. During the whole of yesterday our camp was full of men, women and children, who sauntered amongst our packs unwatched, and not a single instance of theft¹ was reported."*

Thus Major Emory, soldier, artist, philosopher, accurate in observation, artistic in portrayal, and almost unique among writers in this pleasing combination of style.

Following swiftly in his footsteps came another, also a good man and a soldier; likewise a son of the church, (now a venerable missionary) who wrote of his advent among the Pimas under practically similar conditions to those found by Major Emory, that he had come upon "a people sunk in the lowest depths of heathen superstition and ignorance." The one finds them superior to many of the Christian nations, the other sees in them the most degraded savages. Can you reconcile the two statements? No more than you can reconcile the two men. And shall your writer attempt to be the mediator? No, he will speak as he has seen, be it of beauty or of degradation.

Traveler, search not for the soul of a people until you have gone to the abode of the Genius and obtained the key. This is not to be had merely for the asking, but by toil and weariness in following patiently a long road. Deepest of all deep things on earth is the love of the heart and in its wells lie the springs of speech. And this has been forgotten by educators who think themselves wise, as by travelers who pride themselves on their keenness of observation. *You cannot know a people until you know that people's language.* To learn it is to acquire a new soul, for it is to see all things from a different viewpoint, and the more different the language the more divergent the point of view. This is the power which may "the giftie gie us to see oursels as others see us." Moral concepts, like art forms, have new values, ideas stand in a new light, sentiment finds other channels for its expression. This is the

*Notes of a Military Reconnaissance by Lieut. W. H. Emory, 1846-47, 30th Cong., 1st Session. Executive No. 7, Senate.

true "new world" which others than Columbus may discover, and the old one becomes a sort of magic mirror in which we see ourselves reflected without apology in our crudity and starkness. Nor is the picture the flattering thing we may have believed it. Interrogations arise silently before us like plants pushing crook-necked through the soil, and we are brought to penury in our attempts to answer them.

Here is an unspoiled people with no jails, no poor-houses, no spinsters, no women childless by preference, no houses of ill repute. One is reminded of the quaint description of Boston given by an early historian: "There are no beggars nor olde maides, neither lawyers nor doctors with license to kill and make mischief."

Before the advent of the priests these Indians had no fear of death. Nor can it be said that even now they believe in the fiction of hell as a verity. They die very calmly and sweetly without foreboding. Happy people! They will go to the east, they say, where the quiet and mellow dawn appears, where is a country of green fields and gentle dews, where fruits and watermelons grow. A picture truly that cheers the souls of this simple people, who toil in summer months beneath the pitiless orb of day, (a Samson with yellow hair raging through a faded sky) and beneath their feet a second sun glowing from the heated plain.

The Pimas are perhaps almost unique in respect to the fact that they addressed no flattering prayers to a good deity nor attempted to propitiate an evil one. Sometimes they adjured the sun, who they said was the person of a god, in a prayer for blessing or protection.

The good and evil deities of their myths are usually found in a sort of strange partnership, much as in the Book of Job,—that "pious heathen" of the Christian scriptures. When a calamity occurred the Pimas did not say that their god was angry, but accepted it as one of the facts in nature, the same as birth, marriage, death. They never offered sacrifices, either animal or human, never tortured their captives, nor mutilated their dead enemies, nor took scalps in battle.

They buried their dead extended with the head to the south in a little chamber excavated in the side of the grave,

with food, water, and various articles of utility or value placed therein. On several successive evenings after the interment there arose a most doleful wailing; it proceeded from relatives mourning for the departed.

Most of the Pima and Papago Indians now profess Christianity. In respect to this I recall an amusing incident:

I was talking one Sunday with a bright boy of thirteen or fourteen years and happened to ask if he had been to church that morning. He replied that he had been to church.

"And did you go to confession?" I enquired.

"Yes."

"And what did you confess?" (Unfair!)

"I confessed that I had stolen something and told a lie twice."

"Really, my dear boy, I did not know you had been stealing."

"Oh no, I have not really stolen anything, you know."

"Indeed! And what about the lies you told?"

"Well, perhaps I never told them either." (Slyly)

"Then, if you did not steal and did not lie, why in the name of good sense did you confess to it?"

"Oh, the priest would be angry if we did not confess to something, and I couldn't think of anything else."

Could Puck himself have taken it more lightly?

These Indian people have a very adequate sense of humor and are given to harmless joking and laughter. They have not the peculiar egotism which prompts the white man to advertise himself to posterity in imperishable monuments, etc. After the lapse of one year from the deceased person's death, custom prescribes that his name shall not again be spoken; and to all intents and purposes he is forgotten. This peculiar custom may have a hidden significance in that its original purpose may have been to free the dead man from being drawn to haunts by thoughts and longings of relatives, which might hinder his passing on.

The charm of this people lies in their simplicity. They regard us and our civilization from their own simple viewpoint. Looked at through their eyes the white man is a peculiar person; as it were, a strange blending of sweet and sour. Beautiful in his whiteness, grotesque in his hairiness,

magnificent in his utilities, foolish in his perpetual babbling talk, incomprehensible in his standards of value; usually untrustworthy, frequently generous, often to be scorned, sometimes emulated, seldom or never loved!

Yet these Indians are not savages. They are industrious tillers of the soil, as Major Emory has depicted them, and not so long ago used shovels of ironwood and axes of stone, constructing with prodigious labor irrigating canals and ditches which carried the water of the Gila River on to their cultivated fields. Not dependent on the Government, not mendicants, they asked but the one thing needful to their preservation as a people: namely, to be let alone. But precisely this is the demand that inflames the wrath of gods and men. To be let alone! Not so. We must civilize them. And as a prerequisite the selfish white man steals their irrigating water—veritable water of life to them—and abandons them on a sterile plain. And the “guardian” government has allowed practically this to happen. Unless relief comes through Congress in a very short time by supplying them with irrigating water to replace what they have lost through illegal appropriation by the whites, these Pimas, who have never shed white man’s blood, may be forced to emigrate to Mexico or find their way to the happy hunting grounds of their fathers. The history of the Government in dealing with this people is too long and too tragic to find a place in this narration.

They have made a living since the advent of the white man under circumstances which for hardship have often been appalling. Their perennial water supply stolen and used by respectable citizens who call themselves Christians, located on the river above them, with rushing floods destroying their irrigation systems, due to the destruction of the mountain ranges and forests by white men’s flocks and herds and white men’s saw mills, they continue to plant their little fields year after year in order to harvest what chance may bring them. Patience sublime, stoicism triumphant, these are among the Pimas’ cardinal virtues. Despair and suicide they leave to men of another race and quality.

The Pima language is copious in concrete words and expressions, and yet in some ways it is strangely lacking, as for instance in the fact that there is no casual word of

greeting. There is, it is true, a dignified expression used infrequently which may be broadly translated "Blest be thou!", but no word of common salutation. And yet the Pima, if your friend, will greet you with a frank and honest smile, with its implied interrogation, which is a delightful variant from the cold and cynical phrases of conventional usage among us. But on the other hand—and this is melancholy—there is no word exactly expressing thanks in the Pima tongue nor is there any word of farewell. When your Indian friend departs you cannot say "Farewell, my friend." The burden of his emotion cannot be expressed in a reluctant "Goodbye," nor can there be a last gleam of radiance in a parting word of love or longing.

What might be called the "keynote" or dominant vowel-sound of the Pima language is "aw," which fact must have an occult signification. Another noteworthy consideration is that there are almost no expletives in this tongue. You cannot swear, no matter if your rage be black as Sinai, nor what thunderings and lightnings may be going on in your emotional vehicle. Nor is there any such blasphemous word as "hell" nor any word for "devil," except hideous engrafted words learned from Spanish priests.

Marriage is considered by these unspoiled children of nature as being primarily for the young. As a matter of fact the young people of these tribes marry too early, for marriage is anticipated with pleasure and certainty as a great event.

These young Indian people develop quickly. All too soon they pass from youth to maturity, but, as if to make amends for her haste, Nature has made the short period one of great charm and attractiveness. These Pima and Papago boys and girls are good to look upon. The girls, very bashful and shy, have however none of the artificial prudery of a false education.

The color of these people is darker than what has been called "copper color." It is hard to describe, being a sort of deep cinnamon or bronze-brown with a suggestion of red in the lighter parts, and on some in early youth there is a beautiful flush on the cheek much like the tawny richness of a late peach. But like a flower it fades with maturity. I have seen them like the lily bloom and like the lily fade away.

Toward adulthood a sort of crystallization takes place, a seeming period to further development, a closing in of what is called in eastern philosophy the *tamasic guna* that seems so largely to envelop this people in contrast to the different *guna* of the white race.

In this race the archetype is one of superb comeliness. Their ideal of beauty is smoothness and curvature of a type that is seldom seen among Caucasian peoples. And strangely enough the Caucasian has eliminated this element of beauty from his deity. Orpheus with his lyre for him is silent beneath the frown of age and power.

Parents almost never whip their children, and in justice must it be said that the children do not often require whipping. The delightful intimacy existing between these Indian parents and their children is one of the "high lights" in this picture of strange contrasts.

The Government has undertaken to educate the Indian children in large boarding schools, and as a consequence they are a generation orphaned, snatched from their parents by law and placed in motherless and fatherless colonies, i. e., the schools. There is but little solicitude apparent, little intimate companionship between the employees and their charges. It is not that the teachers and employees do not like the children or do not desire to supply their needs so far as inadequate means allow, but it is that there is no home life, no force of parental example, no anxiety for their entire well-being. When one sees pupils marched to church twice in the week to hear moral precepts outside the range of their experience and intelligence and unaccompanied by example intimate to their daily lives, sees them eating their more or less cheerless food in silence presided over by a grim genius in the person of a disciplinarian, sees them automatically responding to signals from the time they are harried out of their beds in the gloom of winter mornings at the blast of a bugle until they are paraded back again at night, sees many of them toiling half the day at menial tasks which spell drudgery rather than salutary and purposeful labor (and this under the pretext of teaching them to work, but in reality to perform the tasks necessary to the upkeep of the institutions), sees them educated but half the day and hurried to school again at night for tired eyes to pore over tiresome books, one

does not wonder if it be true that the young generation is less dependable than the older one.

Should a person call attention to these errors of the authorities, he is met by the answer: "Well, it is better than they get at their homes." But is it? The argument is not good even if the statement were true, for it is not a question of justification by comparison of wrongs but of the rights and requirements of children. It is not whether I do not so badly as you, but whether or not I do what is right. It is not contended that under present conditions things could be greatly improved: it is contended that present conditions are defective. Children of tender years should go to day-schools where those who require it might get a substantial noon-day meal, and whence they might return at evening to their homes. The policy of the Government is tardily shaping itself in this direction, and meanwhile.....

These young Indian people are natural musicians and many of them are natural artists. Some of the kindergarten work in the schools is remarkable for delicacy of coloring and the interpretation of the moods of nature in simple scenes of sky and desert. They have natural alto voices and quickly memorize a musical composition.

Yet it must not be supposed that their advance in evolution has rendered this people in any sense effeminate or less able to maintain themselves against their numerous enemies. For an unknown period in the past they have warred valiantly and successfully against their hereditary foes the Apaches,—those "tigers of the human species," as General Crook called them,—who live in the mountains to the east of Pimeria.

Simple, not cruel by nature, courageous when occasion demands it; patient, joyous, under the leadership of paternal elders in permanent communities, having their own ideas of religion borrowed from no alien source; in these and other ways one is reminded of what little we know of the civilization of old Peru destroyed by the Spanish pirate Pizarro, hero of American school histories, and his priestly horde with their ruffian soldiery.

In distinction to the Pimas, nearly every Papago has the picture of San or Santa somebody hung about his neck as a sort of charm or talisman. Just what the saint is

supposed to do is not quite apparent, but no doubt he is flattered by the evident desire to please him on the part of the wearer! Certain "saints' days" are celebrated by a church service in the morning and a "rooster pulling" in the afternoon. An unfortunate chicken is buried to the neck in the ground while still alive. Horsemen then ride by at a sweeping gallop and endeavor to seize the bird by leaning from their saddles. Somebody succeeds after a trial or two (during which the chicken may escape and have to be buried again), and then there is a mad scuffle to get possession of the trophy, in which the wretched creature is pulled limb from limb.

Yet these people are not generally cruel—at least not actively so—but their sympathies are not easily kindled by suffering and pain. They are not as a rule kind to animals, and perhaps their own remarkable ability to endure the sufferings imposed by nature in her harsh dealings with animate life in this desert land may account to some extent for this ungracious trait. But it is a sad stain on a picture so radiant at the head, so sombre at the foot.

An admirable custom of these red people is to wait until one person has quite finished speaking before another begins to talk, reminding one in this of the Far East. Again one is reminded of the Far East in the peculiar equivocal answer that is often given to a query. It may mean either *yes* or *no*, and they are very fond of using it.

Their logic is perceptive rather than reflective, and for this very reason, while not broad, is forceful and convincing. I recall on one occasion while the men of these tribes still wore their hair uncut, a missionary expostulating with an old Indian at church on account of his long hair. The old man gravely heard the missionary to an end and said "Umph!" The next Sunday the same thing happened with the same reply, "Umph!" On the third occasion the missionary put the question direct and asked the old man when he expected to cut off his hair. The Indian arose and pointing with dignity to the Sunday-school chromo hanging on the wall where the Christ was represented in the customary dress, replied: "Jesus has long hair"—and, he added impressively, "and a *blanket*!"

A certain knowledge of magic arts was undoubtedly possessed by some of the medicine men. The Papagos were

and some of them still are loath to have their photographs taken. I pressed a young man who would not permit me to photograph him as to the reason. He replied ingenuously "You will be able to control me at a distance"—precisely what a practitioner of black magic can do by means of an object so closely related to the person whom it is desired to reach.

Their strange runic chants are another instance of a certain form or quality of magic. The weird minor refrain with its captivating rhythm has a marked effect on the emotions. Bodily movements, either swaying or dancing, correspond to the measure of the chant; and after singing thus for an hour or so, a sort of mild hypnosis is produced so that one scarcely knows whether one is in this world or some other. The key to the lower astral planes is undoubtedly contained in the music, and much of their healing magic is done principally by its means. It is not always salutary and in some forms causes a weakening of moral restraint.

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You have heard the story to a close. But, O traveler, do not expect to go to Pimeria and see these things. Dimly are they seen by your writer over the lapse of near a quarter-century. His narration for your amusement is without apology as without deceit. Should you see with other eyes, so be it. But to him the Indians of these sterile plains, "where scarce the raindrop lingers," have given fair hopes and enduring ideals—night's beacons in the dim and flamy dawn.

Doubtless the hour of their doom has struck. They will like notes of music fade away. Not in this generation, nor the next, but eventually. What has been the purpose of their evolution thus far? Whence came these stately childlike people who have never quite found themselves, and why is their destiny such that they must disappear before a race in many respects less lovely, in few respects more virtuous, and perhaps in no respect able to pass judgment upon them? I do not know the answer to these questions.

"...all these things

Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings."

The fragrant memory of the virtues, the nobility and

simple graces of this Indian people will not depart, even though memory be denied a later compensation, as so many things in Pimeria are without compensation—as if it were all the jest of a god in the role of conjurer who without warning suddenly picks up his traps, knocks down the scenery, bundles up his exhibition, and announces curtly “the show is over.”



Notes on American Indians

There is no question in the mind of the student of metaphysics that in the customs and mysterious rites of the American Indians there are many occult bases of fact. It is known that from time to time in the far past an advanced soul would be born among their “medicine men,” who would teach the tribe to which he came some of the simpler forms of “white magic.” These can be traced unmistakably in some of their beliefs and ceremonies, which are now being psychically investigated. The results will be given to *The Channel* readers in a future number, with a view to bringing them closer in understanding. The Indians should be educated rightly, and with a complete knowledge of their possibilities and fundamental traits as remnants of a Fourth Race people. The physical, emotional, and mental growth of the intermediary stages between them and the Fifth Race peoples is a most important factor in the civilizing process, since it is only by gradual stages that the personality of the Indian can assimilate the necessary qualities to “bridge it over” into the physical, emotional, and mental standard of the Fifth Race. Only thus is it possible for him to reincarnate in that Race.

It is the passing away of the Indian’s Fourth Race physical vehicle that we are witnessing. We should rejoice that the progressing ego now needs the less heavy, more flexible vehicle of the present Fifth Race. The *sattvic* is replacing the *tamasic*. The encircling arms of the Fifth Race Archetype are closing shelteringly round the results of the Fourth. Would that those who conduct the educational institutions for the Indians could confine their instruction to the things these simple people can naturally absorb and emulate at their stage of evolution, and would cease cramming them with so much that can only daze their young intellects and fall on mental soil that is yet untilled.

This is not theory. I have witnessed brilliant results from the application of these principles in some three hundred schools and colleges of younger races in the far East, and have assisted in some of the work.—Ed.

New Thought*

J. A. Edgerton

The term New Thought is by many regarded as a misnomer, since the essentials of the philosophy are as old as Jesus of Nazareth and are new only in their application. The designation has apparently come to stay, however, and it remains only for us to give it character.

A favorite illustration of the writer, symbolizing the New Thought and other kindred movements of the day, is that of a new mental and spiritual continent emerging above the waters of the sea of humanity. Geology teaches us that physical continents are not always made by sudden upheavals, but rather are the result of slow growth. For example, the shores of the Atlantic Ocean are said to be sinking a few inches more or less each century, while the shores of the Pacific are rising. Like gradual change is going on all over the earth.

If we were to imagine a new continent thus gradually emerging above the waters of the physical ocean, a little reflection would bring before our minds the manner of its appearance. Inasmuch as this continent would not be a level plain throughout, the first that would be seen of it would be a mountain peak here and there coming up in the form of islands. At first these islands would appear separated. In time, after the whole continent had risen above the water, it would be discovered that they were but the most elevated points of one land.

In like manner the various new spiritual movements of the day now emerging above the waters of the mental ocean appear as separated islands. One we call New Thought, another Theosophy, a third Christian Science, a fourth Spiritualism, a fifth Christian Socialism, etc. Looked at superficially, they seem to have no connection one with another, but those with vision and imagination perceive that these new movements are not really separated at

**The Channel* has no official connection with any sect, society or creed, but periodically it will publish articles on various religious, philosophic and scientific movements contributed by authoritative representatives. As it is the purpose of *The Channel* to disseminate truth, it is glad to act in this informative capacity.

Mr Edgerton is President of the International New Thought Alliance and we are happy to print this article from his pen.—Ed.

all. When the whole new spiritual continent has arisen, these islands will appear only as mountain peaks of one land and that land will be the home of the new race in the new time.

New Thought is a modern application of the doctrines of the Nazarene. Its favorite texts are, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," "Seek ye first the Kingdom and all these things shall be added unto you," "Heal the sick," "Greater things than these shall ye do," "I come not to destroy but to fulfill," "Love one another."

New Thought is constructive thought. It holds that all negation is weakness, that Faith is the key of accomplishment, that all things have birth, first in the spiritual and then in the thought world. In a word, New Thought teaches emancipation, spiritual, mental and physical. It holds that man is subject only to the limitation which he himself creates, that only mind can initiate movement and can cause growth, and that self-repair or healing is a form of growth. The popular concept is that nature heals. The scientific concept is that mind heals, which is but a more definite way of saying the same thing. In every organism is found the power of self-repair. Strike an axe into a tree, and the tree immediately starts the work of self-repair. Cut off an organ belonging to some of the lower forms of life, and a new organ is grown. New Thought teaches that this self-repair of the human organism may be intelligently directed and expedited by the mind. To do this, however, we must have faith, so that the whole force of our thought shall be directed to the one object, our minds shall be concentrated and there shall be no opposing mental currents to interfere with their efficient action.

The healing of the body is but one of the manifestations of the New Thought. Indeed it is but a first step. Beyond this lies the healing of character, of conduct; efficiency in business; the calling out of all the undeveloped powers of the individuality, "the tapping of new levels of energy," as Professor William James phrased it; conformity to the law; in a word, "living the life."

New Thought teaches unity, the One-Life. One of the favorite illustrations of its teachers is that of the wheel, the manifested universe being as the rim, Spirit the center, individual lives appearing as the spokes. At the circum-

ference these spokes seem separate, but at the center they are one. The sense of separateness is an illusion, growing out of the lower self. Thus by coming into harmony with the Spirit, by being "in tune with the Infinite," by knowing the truth, we become free from discord, disease and limitation. Thus, as Goethe suggested, law is liberty. Knowing God, the Innermost, the Heart of the One-Life, is the supreme felicity. The goal of the New Thought is to do the Father's will in each thought, act and word.

New Thought is vital and practical. It teaches that Truth realized in the mind may be lived in the life; that any gospel, to be of value, must be applied seven days of the week and not only in ethics, but in civics, in therapeutics and in practical, everyday affairs.

New Thought is not a sect. It is not so much an institution as an influence. It does not object to its adherents' belonging to any church or to none. It does not advocate organization in the old sense. Its corner-stone is the Supreme Spirit and the individual soul made in His image. It is not so much interested in controlling the belief of its adherents as in making them believe in themselves and in each other. It teaches not only optimism, but optimism made dynamic.

The International New Thought Alliance is only an organization for fellowship and co-operation. Each member is left entirely free; and yet in this freedom is becoming manifest a very definite philosophy concerning which there is appearing a closer agreement among all its adherents. This has not yet been formally phrased as a creed or platform. It is like the English constitution, which is unwritten. It is not of the letter but of the Spirit.

The International Alliance was organized a little more than one year ago in London. Prior to that time it was known as The National New Thought Alliance, and was confined to the United States. When I first became president of this organization a little more than six years ago, it was practically confined to the Atlantic Seaboard. Since then it has been gradually extended to include all of America and now embraces practically all lands in which this new philosophy has a foothold. It has centers in the United States, Canada, South America, Hawaii, Australia, Great Britain, and France, and hopes in the near future to organize

in other countries. It also has affiliations with a similar New Thought League covering several of the Latin countries.

The New Thought had its origin in America, first in the teachings of Emerson and then in the practice of Mr. P. P. Quimby and his followers, Dr. W. F. Evans and Julius Dresser. Disciples of the New Thought, or Higher Thought as it is known in England, there refer to it as the "American Religion." This is more than a pleasantry, for indeed the New Thought is a spiritual expression of Americanism, of its faith, buoyancy, constructiveness and optimism. There are now several hundred centers adhering to the Alliance and the number is constantly growing. Since our congress in San Francisco in September a score of new centers have sprung up in various parts of America. The influence of this philosophy is not confined to the organization, however, but is permeating the churches and the literature of the day.

I am sometimes asked to define the attitude of New Thought towards reincarnation and karma as believed by a sister movement, Theosophy. Very many adherents of the New Thought believe in reincarnation. I do myself, yet I do not regard it as an essential part of the New Thought philosophy as such. To follow out the illustration of the new spiritual continent, I believe that Theosophy, New Thought and other such movements have their place, that they complement one another, but that New Thought has its own distinct message and sphere. That the Spirit is supreme is true whether we as individuals began with birth, or came into being ages ago and have gone through many births. The difference is only relative since, in either event, our spirits are one with the Universal Spirit. In my own view, belief in reincarnation lends force to the New Thought philosophy, since it exalts the part played by the Spirit in the affairs of life. Spirit is permanent while the body is transitory. The durable part of us, therefore, shapes and controls the impermanent manifestation. The basic idea of New Thought is that we are spiritual beings and therefore are masters of circumstances. We are in a sense free as to the causes which we ourselves set up, which is what I understand by the term karma. These are not so much bonds, as experiences and lessons. In other words, punishment is not a matter of vengeance, but of correction and

improvement to the individual. When we have learned our lesson and have turned from the wrong thing or the wrong course, we remove the necessity for further punishment. It is not so much the debt we owe another as the lesson we should learn. If another has suffered loss or seeming loss, this will be repaid to him in some other way. The law of compensation works in the spiritual world as well as in the physical world. The scales of justice are balanced for each of us. In the last analysis, injury done another is an injury to ourselves and, therefore, the debt we owe is both to him and to ourselves. When we learn the lesson and see the Truth, this debt for us is canceled. As for our relations to another, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." We reach right relation with him when we realize that in the highest we are one, that he is our other self. Spiritual realization is a solvent. "The Truth shall make you free." The divine atonement thus has a new meaning.

The central idea of the New Thought is dependence on the God within. We shall have none other Gods before Him who is life of our life, thought of our thought, soul of our soul, Spirit of our Spirit. He is our strength, our health, our joy and our deliverance.

Is it too much to hope that these modern movements, these islands of the emerging spiritual continent, are the harbingers of a new race and to believe that all the events of our time, even including the terrible war in Europe, point to America as the home of this new race? This places before us an enchanting prospect and a tremendous opportunity. We are the builders of the new civilization. It, therefore, behooves us that we build wisely and well. We have before us an opportunity similar to that which confronted the builders of the early Christian church. It is all the more important, therefore, that we keep clean and worthy these new movements which will shape the faith of the future and influence the world for good or ill through the coming centuries. We of the New Thought extend fraternal greeting to our brethren in all kindred movements and express the sincere desire that we may co-operate in this glorious endeavor.

Science of Occult Healing

Marie Russak

CHAPTER III.

Psychotherapeutics

The former articles on this subject described principally my personal experiences and studies in America and France between 1890 and 1900; this will now briefly review the progress of healing in different parts of the world during those ten years.

Fortunately, in America there was a small body of exact thinkers and investigators, including such names as Pope, Fitzgerald, Gerrish, James, Dana, Prince, Sidis, and others, men who were working quietly along scientific and original lines, and whose efforts were to have much effect some years later in the realms of psychopathology. We shall consider their work presently.

Generally speaking, however, there were two factions of healers at the end of the last century—the psychotherapists of Europe and the faith curists of America.

In the latter sect there was considerable contention over the question of the true origin of mental healing. Its history has since been traced by reliable data and is briefly as follows: Its pioneer founder was Mr. Charles Poyen who came from France in 1836 and introduced mesmerism to some of his circle of New England friends. Many and curious were the explanations given by those who investigated his method; many and curious too were some of his disciples. Few among them are said to have been as serious as the Rev. Leroy Sunderland, who endeavored to place psychotherapy on a scientific basis, and also to preserve its spiritual interpretation.

But about the time of his most successful attempts, Andrew Jackson Davis and his “spirit world revelations” startled the people with their spectacular exhibitions, and unfortunately mesmerism became confused with these spiritualistic phenomena and was thus misunderstood.

One of Dr. Sunderland’s followers was Mr. Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, who in 1838 used mesmerism as a form

of entertainment, but who was finally cured from a chronic illness by one of his mesmeric subjects, Mr. Lucius Burckmar. This caused Mr. Quimby to turn his attention seriously to mesmerism as a healing agent. He became so devoted and earnest a practitioner that his ideal for the work finally grew into a very praiseworthy one. It was to give it as a free will offering to the amelioration of the suffering and to bring them closer to the truth of Christ's teachings on healing.

Among Mr. Quimby's faithful disciples were the Rev. W. E. Evans and Mr. J. A. Dresser. The former established a very successful Mind Cure sanatorium in New Hampshire. The latter was the father of Horatio W. Dresser, one of the founders of New Thought.

Another disciple of Quimby's was Mrs. Mary Patter-son—later Mrs. Eddy. In spite of the fact that at first she was most enthusiastic about him and that he had cured her of a long-standing illness, she became fearful of his theory of "animal magnetism"; so left his care and founded her own religion of Christian Science.

At the close of the last century these sects were growing by leaps and bounds and "demonstrating" health, happiness, and contentment to thousands of devotees, all of whom were earnestly striving (and succeeding to a remarkable degree) to live the higher life and to practise healing through faith and prayer. Even though they admitted that they did not understand the rationale of their work, they did not even desire to learn it and refused to meet the requirements of such scientific rules of evidence as would have brought their art of healing into the class of legitimate medical practice.

By this attitude they forfeited much of the sympathetic understanding of a large number of psychologists and metaphysicians. Their more scientific friends regretted this very much, for they were deeply interested in the methods. As one who had worked with them and knew their consecration and ideals, I felt greatly disappointed that they as a whole refused the proffered hand of scientific coöperation extended by learned men. But they "grew in grace" and many healed successfully. The majority however were not at all interested in *how* it was done, nor could they be convinced that their efforts would be much more

effective if they possessed a wider knowledge of the art and understood the nature of the physical body and the forces within and without it.

In Europe psychotherapeutics was meeting with even greater success than in America. The interest still centered in the two schools—one at Nancy, France, under Drs. Liébault, Bernheim, and Liégeois; the other in Paris at the Salpêtrière (that home of the destitute and diseased) under Dr. Charcot and his able assistants. Both these schools continued to use mesmerism and hypnotic-suggestion and the medical knowledge of their physicians aided their success.

Among the most able of Dr. Charcot's assistants at this time was Dr. Pierre Janet, who specialized in the study of hysteria. He was destined some years later to take an important place among psychopathologists. Dr. Sigmund Freud was another who studied with Dr. Charcot for some time, and upon returning to Vienna associated himself with Dr. Joseph Breuer and established a system of psychoanalysis, so much discussed by practitioners at present.

In England many members of the Society for Psychical Research, founded in 1882, had become interested in psychotherapy as used in mesmerism and hypnotic-suggestion. Among these were Prof. James, Prof. Morselli, Prof. Sir Oliver Lodge, Prof. Sir William Crookes, Prof. Henry Sidgwick, and Mr. Frederick W. Myers. Many reputable physicians were using mesmerism and hypnotic-suggestion in their regular practice. Other psychotherapists of note were Dr. Carl Jung and Dr. August Forel of Zurich, Switzerland; Dr. Dessoir, Berlin; Dr. Wundt, Leipsic; Dr. Wetterstrand, Stockholm; and Dr. Bechterew, Russia. The last was also using hypnotic-suggestion and making some valuable experiments among those curious people, the Dukhobortsi and the Raskolniks.

This is a very brief general survey of our subject at the end of the last century and the beginning of this one. Compared with the present time few books existed that gave more than superficial conceptions of the various methods, and none which explained satisfactorily the rationale of healing. Dr. Hartmann's *Philosophie des Unbewussten* brought more mystical and spiritual views to bear upon these phenomena, but it was not widely read.

It remained for Mr. Frederick W. Myers to come forward with a spiritual psychology that was destined to have a far-reaching effect and a profound influence upon all metaphysical subjects. I mentioned in my last article how deeply interested I had become in his psychic theories: as time went on that interest steadily increased.

By his experiments he established conclusively that in mesmerism, hypnotic-suggestion, and other related phenomena, subconscious conditions became personified—the processes of a lower, inferior self were connected with and subordinate to a stream of forces from a higher or subliminal self. The latter was an important factor in controlling neuroses, psychoses, and other syndromes of normal and abnormal conditions.

He postulated in no uncertain voice that man possessed a soul and a will with the power to draw “grace” from a spiritual universe in which there were forces that responded to a command. He felt that our understanding of these facts had been narrowed by creed and dogma; that we must of necessity accept certain reasonable hypotheses, relative to *superphysical agencies*, as bases for our experiments in psychotherapeutics: and regretted that we were compelled to work out our problems without definite rules and with our “multiplication table in the air,” as it were. His great ideal was to bring the entire subject down to the level of tangible, practical demonstration.

Religions claimed the performance of miracles by their saints and founders; Mr. Myers claimed them by psychology as well and proved his claim conclusively. He was a perfect wellspring of original thought, possessed a sublime courage and enthusiasm, and opened up fascinating vistas in the realms of the psychic where the soul could demonstrate those faculties which are its heritage from what he called the World-Soul.

For many years Mr. Myers studied the psychism of hypnotism, mesmerism and suggestionism. He also analyzed their associated phenomena in the personality, such as auto-suggestionism, hysteria and all somatic conditions—trance, coma, somnambulism. In many of these investigations he proved the power of man’s spirit (or subliminal self) and its “related faculties that in sleep were unfettered by spatial bonds; of its telæsthetic perception of distant

scenes; of its telepathic communication with distant persons or even with spirits of whom we can predicate neither distance nor nearness, since they are released from the prisons of the flesh."

He had the courage to state that a world of spiritual life exists,—“an environment profounder than those environments of matter and ether which in a sense we know.... We human beings exist in the first place in a world of matter, whence we draw the obvious sustenance of our bodily functions. We exist also in a world of ether: that is to say, we are constructed to respond to a system of laws.... Within, beyond, the world of ether... must be as I believe, the world of spiritual life.... Having thus indicated this third great environment on whose pre-existent energy I conceive that our organisms actually draw, I return to show the manner in which this hypothesis may be used to explain the hypnotic results.... For what we have in effect been doing with the aid of those hypnotic artifices is simply to energise life."

He believed that in psychotherapeutics this energized life—*vis medicatrix Naturae*—was made to respond to man's need by a command and to act more quickly by the soul or "subliminal self or the self-suggester."

"The ultimate lesson of hypnotic suggestion, especially in the somnambulistic state, is, therefore, that we thus get, by empirical artifices, at these strata of greater plasticity—plasticity not to external but to internal forces—where the informing spirit controls the organism more immediately, and can act upon it with greater freedom.

"On this hypothesis there will be an essential concordance between all views—spiritual or materialistic—which ascribe to any direction of attention or will any practical effect upon the human organism."

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick," said St. James; "There is nothing in hypnotism but suggestion," said Dr. Bernheim; Mr. Myers considered these terms identical and added: "There will be effective therapeutical or ethical self-suggestion whenever, by any artifice, subliminal attention to a bodily function or to a moral purpose is carried to some unknown pitch of intensity which draws energy from the metetherial world...."

(Colonel Olcott, the late President-Founder of the

Theosophical Society, told me when I first met him about seven years later, in 1906, that Madame Blavatsky and he had known Mr. Myers well prior to the "Coulomb conspiracy"; that they had long discussions on eastern philosophy and occultism, in which they were all very profoundly interested. I now believe that this must have assisted Mr. Myers in making his metaphysical pronouncements, which were at that time most unusual and epoch-making.)

In viewing the field of psychotherapy Mr. Myers classed the phenomena of healing sects in America, of mesmerists, hypnotists, suggestionists and of the miracles of Lourdes and other shrines, in a general category of *self-suggestion*.

He defined suggestion as the *successful appeal to the subliminal self*. He said in reference to self-suggestion that "unless there be some supernormal influence or effluence—telepathic or mesmeric—from doctor to patient, we cannot credit the doctor with doing more than setting in motion some self-suggestive machinery by which the patient cures his ache himself. . . . Self-suggestion—a sudden obedience of subliminal agencies to supraliminal commands, which at certain times modify both body and mind far more effectively than any exertion of the ordinary will."

One can little realize the profound significance of his pronouncements at that time, for he occupied a very distinguished place in the scientific world, had passed long years in serious study and constant experimentation, and his views were naturally of great influence in moulding public opinion and the trend of psychotherapeutic ideas. Only those of us who were there and who as young students were being swept from side to side in the various eddies of contending theories (most of which could be classed as unscientific and superstitious, or quasi-scientific and materialistic), can realize what it meant to have Mr. Myers' life line of spiritual truth thrown to us.

My determination not to practise any of these healing methods until I possessed a better understanding of their mechanism was still strong, and when from time to time Mr. Myers' addresses were published I became convinced that he, more than any one else, could give the desired explanations. Many young students besides myself looked to Mr. Myers to solve the problems that held us bound—

too inexperienced and fearful to proceed. We were not so much in need of a scientific authority to clarify the differences prevalent in the various healing methods, or to expose their dangers or fallacies, as of one to explain the nature of the mysterious forces and the mechanism of the phenomenal results we witnessed.

Therefore one will understand the great loss to the scientific world and to a large circle of personal friends, when in 1901 death claimed Mr. Myers.

Fortunately, for some years previously, he had been compiling a record of his studies, experiments and deductions. These were posthumously published in that remarkable compendium of knowledge, *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*. (The above quotations are from its pages.) Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Frank Podmore and others helped to carry forward the splendid work of Mr. Myers.

Having become convinced that his psychological theories of healing were correct, I determined to take up the study of occultism as soon as circumstances should permit, though just how to proceed was not apparent.

In recounting what follows, it is necessary to dwell upon some personal experiences, and naturally I feel great reluctance in doing so. However, it is made necessary because I earnestly desire to help other students, many of them strangers to me, and I do not want them to think that I am describing occult healing from any other standpoint than that of long study, actual experimentation and first-hand metaphysical observation.

Since in future articles I am to lay before them my ideas for a system of psychotherapeutics (at last consenting to the request of those who have for years been urging me to do so), I feel that it ought to be stated just how I acquired even my very limited knowledge of the subject.



It was not long after the study of Mr. Myers' teachings that upon waking in the morning I began to recall the experiences of sleep (as recounted in the *April Channel* in the article on *The Psychology of Dreams*). Ere long I was able to prove conclusively some of his deductions,

and so resolved to devote my entire time to the study of these deeper subjects.

The greater part of the seven years following was spent in Switzerland and Germany, studying French and German Philosophy; Comparative Religion; Hermetic Philosophy; Kabbalism; Rosaecrucianism; Oriental Symbolism; Theosophy. I was not a member of any occult society at that time.

After a few months my higher studies were directed by a discarnate teacher in my "dream-life."

Sometimes philosophical problems would arise during these dream experiences. I would be told by this teacher or others that they were fully explained on a certain page of some book: often I neither possessed the book nor knew of its existence, but after obtaining it the references were found as indicated. These experiences and teachings were thus confirmed again and again. The studies of waking consciousness also were frequently demonstrated and analyzed while the physical body lay asleep. Thus knowledge was not only given through books but supplemented by personal experience.

By the use of these psychical methods it was at last possible to investigate and understand what I had so long desired to know—the *rationale of healing* in Christian Science, Mind Cure, New Thought, mesmerism, hypnotism, and suggestionism.

During all these years the occult life was enjoined. Purification of the most exacting character was practised. I lived in a quiet district near Dresden by a large, open pine forest, most of the time alone except for my maid-companion. Often taking advantage of the stillness and isolation of the woods, the teacher taught me control of the will, and the nature of consciousness; their relation to the personality; how to obtain deliberate direction of actions, emotions, and thoughts; the principles of evolution, cosmic and particular; the law of rhythm or opposites in cause and effect; reincarnation and the continuity of life; the nature of memory; the laws of vibration, sound, and color; the rationale of healing; and other subjects.

He also strongly impressed upon me the fact that one's life and knowledge should be consecrated to the helping of others, and that if one possessed extended faculties,

they should be governed by the highest ideals and never be used with any selfish or unworthy motive; otherwise they would become degraded and in time unreliable. They were to be called into requisition only in cases of absolute necessity, but never to satisfy the curious, to give a "sign," for "fortune telling," or to spy upon another's privacy. In fact, the rules of occult "etiquette" as outlined by him were far more strict than ordinary ones of daily life.

He advised that during this time of study and practice I should not go to spiritualistic seances or trance mediums, or "sit" to receive messages by automatic writing or otherwise. He did not deem it wise to allow the mind and body to be used by any visible or invisible "control," and considered it very dangerous to develop mediumship. Even practices in clairvoyance were not permitted until I was conversant with psychic dangers and knew how to protect myself from the approach of different kinds of objectionable entities who seek to "communicate." The nature of the vehicles and the faculties of the personality, the concentration of the will, and the creation of positive conditions should first be understood, he said. One's vehicles should be rarified by years of training and pure life, thus raising and attuning them so that they could make a relationship vibratorily only with spiritually pure influences. These strong, high vibrations would thus become the protecting walls of the individual. He taught me exercises to expand and contract the consciousness, so that when necessity demanded it could be made at will to include or exclude knowledge and things outside itself. This is *trained psychism*.

(If ever any undesirable entities of the lower astral levels make a connection with a sensitive in the beginning, it is almost impossible to break it afterwards. It can be done only by the positive use of the will, which reconstructs independence, and by the rarifying process just mentioned, which takes time and courage and persistence. The interim can be made an inferno by such tormentors, before the vehicles of consciousness become sufficiently protected and rarified out of their reach.)

Five minutes' walk from where I was living there was a "nature cure" institution under the able direction of Dr. Heinrich Lahmann. When I first arrived in Dresden

I was far from well and was advised to take a course of treatment under him. It was not long ere my health was fully restored.

Dr. Lahmann made a specialty of pure diet, gymnastics, electricity, sun baths, air baths, and color treatment; he prohibited the use of any drugs or stimulants. When later I began to receive instruction from my invisible teacher, especially in relation to healing, there was full opportunity in this institution to observe and test the practical application of this knowledge, much of which related to laws of health and the proper care of the physical body. Some of the most important of these teachings were those concerning the *legitimate* use of mental healing and how to avoid the unreasonable extremes to which fanatics are sometimes wont to go; also facts concerning vibration and color of foods and their particular relation to the body; the place of sunlight in therapy; the temperamental idiosyncrasies of each person; the relations of the sense-centers to the brain and other organs; the difference between vitality, magnetism, etc. Such of these teachings as are relevant to our subject will be detailed in future articles.

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In the summer of 1912 I was travelling with two friends in Switzerland. We were in the train on our way over one of the high passes which we had not yet visited. Suddenly I was told psychically that if we descended from the train at the next village (four hours short of our destination) we should be led to a place called H---d where there was a magnetized spring under the floor of a little hut. Long, long ago a saintly hermit, I was told, had lived there and had performed healing miracles. He had so magnetized the water that its curative powers were miraculous. Further, that there was a hidden monastery behind the mountain, which this saintly man often visited, and, just beneath it, near a village was a small white chapel in which he had once received a great initiation and where he had also performed many healing miracles. I was also told the name of this holy man.

It was with much hesitancy that I conveyed this strange message to my friends, but because of their love and confidence they believed it and insisted on accom-

panying me on this pilgrimage. On leaving the train at the next village, we were somewhat dismayed to find that no one at the station or hotel had ever heard of such a place as H---d nor could we find any trace of it in local guide-books.

Suddenly I saw standing by me, but invisible to my friends, a hooded Capuchin monk. He told me to take a carriage and drive down the mountain to a little village about three miles away and enquire there; then he disappeared.

We did so; in joyous expectation we descended to the foot of the mountain, lost in admiration and wonder at the beauties of the scenery, the wealth of flowery slopes, the swiftly flowing torrents which seemed to hurl themselves out of the sky's azure arms to tumble down the wrinkled sides of the precipitate cliffs and to chase merrily after us with gurgling laughter along the rocky bed of the stream beside our road. We were far too optimistic of the success of our errand to detect any mocking note in their laughter or in the voices of some bleating goats perched in a safely distanced niche of the crags above us, as we passed on the way of our mysterious journey.

Presently we paused to rest the horses and saw an old gnarled tree in a little garden quite near the rocky wall of the road. For a moment it seemed as if one of the hard wrinkled knots in its brown, forked limbs had (recognizing the weirdness of our mission) opened its scarred lips and said: "*Grüss Gott.*" But it proved to be the greeting from the smiling countenance of an old Swiss peasant leaning against the tree and observing us from under her large brown sunbonnet.

We enquired for H---d with its shrined hut and spring—my German being bad enough to express my meaning to a Swiss peasant in a German canton; it also served to translate her answer. She did not know of such a place, but her grandson, a goatherd, might know.

The lad did know of a hut some hours distant, hidden in a forest of giant trees on the top of the opposite mountain, but had no knowledge of the spring. He knew the way for he took his goats there to graze in late summer time when the grass grew scarce in the tiny meadow nearby. He could climb to the hut easily but he laughingly expressed

himself skeptical that a woman could ever do so. I determined to try.

With his lithe little body swinging on before us, propelled at each step by his *alpenstock*, he led us on, on, up, up, over fences, precipices, fallen trees, giant ferns and across miniature meadows. We climbed for hours. He was often far ahead, but now and then would turn to see if we were following him.

Just as we began to feel exhausted we heard him give a happy cry as his head appeared above the high branching roots of a fallen tree, and he pointed to a little hut in an enchanting forest. Then he sang joyously the Swiss yodle and the sympathizing voices of the craggy echoes answered—answered—the happy call until we reached the hut. Perhaps it was the effect of the sacred influence of the place, perhaps it was a nascent courtesy of the spirit, but the boy crept away, leaving us for a time alone in the silence of this wonderfully beautiful spot—so inspiring, so vast, so far from mammon, so close to God.

The door of the little hut was barred, but on the outside. We entered cautiously and found a small shrine surmounted by a crucifix; a bench-bed stood near it. Around its walls were crude drawings and handwritten tablets recounting the story of the holy man who had lived there—of his healing and other miracles.

(Why is it that our hearts always yearn so closely to the hermits of our world of the past, those saintly souls who have lived with nature, apart from the haunts of men—alone in prayer and meditation?)

We communed with the memory of this holy man for a little time as we read the story, and then went out to search for the spring. We found it by stooping and crawling under the floor. In the dark shadows it looked to me like a miniature lake of boiling phosphorus with light radiating to a distance of about ten feet on all sides of it. We drank freely of its limpid waters and soon the fatigue of our aching bodies vanished; we were completely refreshed as by a miracle.

Reluctantly we retraced our steps as the crimson setting sun sent a halo through the window around the crucifix above the little shrine, and a deep-toned distant *alpenhorn* set the soft echoes voicing the inexpressible words of peace

that filled our awed hearts.

In spite of the most unusual and trying physical exertion of the previous day we were up early the following morning and felt no fatigue—owing to the curative powers of the magnetized spring water. One of our party was a semi-invalid and was amazed that no ill effects occurred.

We next set out to find the monastery of which I had also been told. We soon saw it in the near distance, but did not venture to ask admittance. Continuing on our way we searched for the village and the small chapel (also spoken of in the message) and found them without much difficulty.

The hearts of the simple folk were full with praises of the saintly man who had lived and died there in the early part of the last century. One of these described his remarkable healing miracles and the beauty of his life and teachings. The little chapel, and the room in its tower where the saint had lived, were held in the deepest reverence by the villagers, and the shrine banked with flowers told how fresh his memory was kept even though he had been gone so many years. The history of his life was not more beautiful than the face of the old man as he told the sweet story, punctuating it with tears of gratitude and concluding it by a reverent sign of the cross.

He insisted upon my accepting a little charm of the saint's which is still so pregnant with magnetism that I feel its force as I write and dwell in memory upon this event of long years ago. It was only one of many which helped to fill my hungering soul with the reality of subtler realms and the healing potencies within them which answer to the will of the one who understands.

In the next article I shall review the methods of some of the psychopathologists, of the late Dr. Baraduc of Paris and of Dr. Durville. Then we shall consider from the standpoint of occultism that greatly disputed question, Is hypnotism a legitimate practice?

In subsequent articles the healing potency of color, music, and the elements of earth, air, fire, and water will be described and a practical system of occult therapeutics outlined.

Reincarnation in the Bible*

And the Narrow Way

J. A. Edward Wren

Of all teaching that still holds a place in official Christianity to-day, probably none has so fallen into the background, for all practical purposes, as the teaching of the Narrow Way. Mention of it may embellish sermons, and doubtless good emotions are raised thereby; but the matter speaking generally seems to end there. The name remains in the programme; it is too clearly marked in the Bible to be thrust aside altogether: but as part of a practical working policy it has quite fallen out and lost its reality.

It is not the purpose of this article to dwell on the subject of the Narrow Way, but merely to touch lightly on the approach to it in connection with another teaching which has also dropped out of sight—that of *Reincarnation*.

It does not seem to me in the least a coincidence that these two teachings should have disappeared together—the latter cut off and officially anathematised and the other languishing and dying like a plant severed from its root.

In examining the question as to whether reincarnation is taught in the Christian Bible, it seems very much to the point to enquire what was the popular belief of the Jews to whom Christ came: because the doctrine of reincarnation is so fundamental and far-reaching; it puts life in such a very different light from that in which it is seen without this teaching, that we seem to have a right to expect that Christ's pronouncement on the subject would be remarkably clear and definite, if He came to teach a people whose view of the matter—whether for or against—was in error. But we should not expect such definite teaching, if Christ's knowledge of the subject was in keeping with the current popular view of the day; besides which, the Jewish view at the beginning of our era should give us our clue as to the sense in which we ought to take those texts which might possibly be interpreted in a reincarnation sense.

We know that reincarnation was held in other parts of the world at this time. Was it held by the Jews? It appears in the writings of their learned Rabbis at a later date. Was it believed in at this time?

*Mr. Wren is a well-known English writer on philosophy. In the October number of this magazine he will present some very interesting occult deductions drawn from the *Epistle of St. James*.—Ed.

There are two passages in Josephus' *De Bello Juidaico* which I think fairly settle this question.

In the first, speaking of the Pharisees, the learned doctors of holy writ, (ii, 8) he says: "They say that all souls are incorruptible; but that the souls of good men are only *removed into other bodies*—but that the souls of bad men are subject to eternal punishment."

In the second instance he describes how when he was engaged in the defense of Iotapata against the Romans and the case of the city became desperate, he and some forty soldiers took refuge in a cave. Then someone of the company proposed that they should all commit suicide to prevent themselves from falling into the hands of the Romans. Under these circumstances Josephus himself endeavored to dissuade them from that course and addressed them as follows: "Do you not remember that all pure Spirits who are in conformity with the divine dispensation, live on in the loveliest of heavenly places, and in the course of time they are *again sent down to inhabit sinless bodies*; but the souls of those who have committed self-destruction are doomed to a region in the darkness of the underworld."

Speaking of this passage Professor Victor Rydberg has been quoted as maintaining that the fact that an argument of this sort was addressed not to scholars but to rough soldiers to prevent them from committing suicide, shows the wide prevalence of the belief in reincarnation among the ordinary populace of the day.

And in this connection I think that one may fairly be allowed to draw attention to the words attributed to Christ (S. John, xiv. 2), when, in telling His disciples of the "many mansions" of His Father's house—more properly, rest houses along the road, what Anglo-Indians call "dak-bungalows," for that is the meaning of the Greek word—He added the significant remark: "If it were not so, I would have told you."

In what follows I am endeavoring to give examples of the different sorts of references, not a grand total. The texts which I am bringing forward and which I believe to be only a small fraction of the total of those bearing on the subject, might arrange themselves under the following heads:

First—Where reincarnation is asserted or implied of a particular person.

Second—Where reincarnation must be assumed if God or His ministers are to be cleared of injustice, or of making impossible demands on His creatures.

Third—Where reincarnation appears to be stated in the form of an allegory.

Fourth—Where the assumption that the text refers to reincarnation is strengthened by the juxtaposition of some statement that is commonly associated with the teaching of reincarnation outside the Bible.

Fifth—Where the text uses expressions which are the ordinary, everyday, technical terms of the doctrine of reincarnation outside the Bible.

In my *first category* come the texts which make Christ identify John the Baptist with Elijah. The circumstances are these:

A prophecy of the prophet Malachi had foretold that the coming of the Messiah would be preceded by the appearance of Elijah. A great prophet, strongly resembling Elijah in many ways, had arisen and attracted many by his strange personality and power. Speaking of him publicly to the multitudes, among whom apparently reincarnation was a popular belief, Christ is reported in the Gospels to have said: "This is Elias," and to have repeated the statement privately to his disciples. Under the circumstances, if Christ meant only that John the Baptist was a type of Elijah, as the Christian opponents of reincarnation assert, His statement was most unfortunately worded.

John the Baptist himself denied that he was Elijah; but as it is the exception, not the rule, for any person to remember his former incarnations, this denial can hardly dispose of the definite statement of Christ speaking with superior knowledge.

There are other texts that might be put in this category, but perhaps the most direct and terse Biblical assertion of the doctrine of reincarnation in reference to any individual is that put into the mouth of Job (i. 21): "Naked came I out of my mother's womb and naked shall I *return thither*."

In my *second category*, where a statement or command appears unjust or unreasonable unless reincarnation is understood, I select only two verses.

In the first of these, in stating the second commandment, God is made to say that He "visits the sins of the fathers upon the children."

That is a statement that can be taken in two senses; for, amongst those who hold the doctrine of reincarnation, the earlier incarnations of an individual are sometimes spoken of as the parents of the later incarnations, which are regarded then as the children of the earlier incarnations, just as our proverb says: "The boy is father of the man," not meaning that while still a child the boy is already father to a grown-up man, but that the boy is the man in embryo. To visit the punishment of sins on any one merely because he happened to be descended, in the modern sense of the word, from the original sinner, seems a grotesque and barbarous injustice; and to impute such actions to the All-Father makes one re-echo the words of Bacon: "It were better to have no opinion at all of God than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him, for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely." But if you take the statement in *Genesis* in the reincarnation sense, that we reap in our bodies of to-day the results of the actions committed by us in the bodies worn in past lives, then you have simply a statement of ideal justice.

To take the second instance: There is a command given by Christ to His followers: "Be ye perfect," or rather to be quite correct, in the original Greek and in the Revised Version of our Bible, that is a simple statement of fact: "*Ye shall be perfect.*" His followers to-day say: "Of course that's not really possible: we *can't* be perfect here." But the perfect are alluded to as being here, and from the number of times that the theme is referred to it is evidently intended to be taken seriously and literally *here*.

If we had only one life in which to accomplish this, the programme would be an impossibility for almost every human being; but with fresh lives and accumulating experience and practically unlimited time for accomplishment, the matter takes on an *entirely* different complexion, and impossibility fades out of the picture. But we can see now the absolute necessity for the acquiring of the Christian virtues which we are told to cultivate, but speaking generally do not.

The Ancient Wisdom teaches us that we have the ages before us, *and also the task.*

In my *third category*, where reincarnation is taught in the form of an allegory, there occurs the expression, "the wheel." This is a term that plays a large part in the literature of reincarnation, and it may be as well to notice the word now. "The wheel," or "the wheel of birth," is the expression employed to denote the repeated return to physical birth of the individuality, the immortal "I" which clothes itself again and again in mortal bodies, and comes time after time to earth, till after repeated failure all life's lessons are learnt.

The personality, that which lives through only one earth life, is often symbolised by a pitcher, and such terms as "vessel," "bottle," "pot," are used in the same way, and God appears to be represented as "the potter."

In this connection the following verses from the 18th Chapter of Jeremiah seem to me to refer to reincarnation: "He (the potter) wrought his work on the wheels, and when the vessel that he made of the clay was marred in the hands of the potter, he made it again another vessel."

In the *fourth category* where the assumption that the text refers to reincarnation is strengthened by the juxtaposition of some statement that is commonly associated with the teaching of reincarnation outside the Bible, I have taken two texts. In the 90th *Psalm* (R. V.) the writer says: "Lord Thou hast been our dwelling place from all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst given birth to the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday," etc.

Here we have a very definite statement of our pre-existence before the world was formed, followed by what on the face of it appears a command referring to re-birth, "Return, ye children of men." But the assumption that reincarnation is referred to seems to me to be very considerably strengthened by the next sentence: "For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday." Note that the verse does not say merely "*a day*" but "*yesterday*," a time between which and now there has intervened a period of

rest and more or less of oblivion. Moreover, a thousand years was the period that used to be taken as the average length of time between incarnations, and it is mentioned in that connection in the 6th book of Virgil's *Aeneid*. And I believe that that term of 1000 years is replacing the opinion held by some of our leading occultists a few years ago that 1500 years was the average interval between lives.

The whole *Psalm* is in keeping with the idea that reincarnation is referred to. The transitoriness of the personality is alluded to, and the natural length of man's earth life, and the writer supplicates that *the beauty of the Lord* may complete the work and compensate for all the years of toil and affliction.

The significance here attached to the mention of the term of a thousand years in the foregoing verse, seems to be confirmed by a passage in the Septuagint version of *Ecclesiastes*, (vi. 6) "he lived *returns of a thousand years*."

In another passage—in the *New Testament* this time—in the second epistle of *St. Peter* (iii. 9) in connection with this same statement that 1000 years are as a day in God's sight, the writer says that God is not slack but long-suffering towards us and that He does not wish "*that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance*." And the juxtaposition of the two ideas seems to suggest that, if the mention of the thousand years has *any* meaning at all in the passage, then it is somehow connected with our chance of repentance.

This brings me to my *fifth category*, the technical terms of reincarnation. I take two samples again, both dealing with "the wheel,"—"the wheel of birth,"—my first from the *New Testament* dealing with the *cause* of re-birth, and my second from the *Old Testament* speaking of the *ceasing* of birth.

We have already noticed the technical reincarnation sense of the expression "the wheel of birth," whose use I believe is universal wherever the teaching of reincarnation is held. But the presence of the expression in the *New Testament* (*Jas.* iii, 6) is veiled from the sight of English readers by our translators, who have given the Greek words special meanings for this occasion, and translated the expression "*course of nature*," a disguise which sufficiently hides the meaning of the original. Our revisers

have not been *quite* so thorough. They have put half of the expression in the text, and the rest in the margin!

In some of the very early stages of evolution and through enormous ages of time, consciousness slowly passes through all the lower kingdoms of nature, gradually finding fuller and fuller expression in them, and when it has obtained all the experience that it can get through a particular form, casts it off, and takes on another through which it can carry on its experience a stage further. It feels the limitations of the form in which it is working, and the wish for wider experience gains it in time the new form through which the wider experience may be had. So in time it reaches the human, the form which is capable of giving the widest experience, and passes into that at its lower stages where its intelligence and taste are little, or it may not be at all, above those of the higher specimens of the animal kingdom next to man.

At first the man is almost entirely animal, thanks to the undeveloped, almost brute form that encloses his consciousness, and he grasps at anything that promises pleasure to self, until in the course of many, many incarnations the results of excess teach him the lesson of moderation or rightness through the pains that follow self-indulgence.

Through his actions' recoiling on his own head he learns at last after many painful experiences that murdering, robbing, lying, etc.,—breaches of the ten commandments, or the moral law,—are an error (*error*, *miss*, or *failure* is the meaning of the word translated *sin*), and eventually he becomes a just man, claiming his own dues but scrupulously respecting the rights of others. Then follows another stage, the conscious treading of the path of home-coming to the All-Father, when the man, having learned something of the *purpose* of life and the *unity* of all life, definitely begins deliberately to perfect himself in order that he may serve and help others and begins to fit himself to tread the "Narrow Way," or "the Path," that brings liberation from earth life,—from "the Wheel of Birth,"—a liberation that comes only with the attainment of *perfection*.



Spiritual Significance of the War*

M. R. St. John

If we accept the belief that all manifestations in this world of dense physical matter are the results of causes set up in the higher worlds, it follows that the particular actions and happenings that preceded and led up to this war were the outcome of a plan long conceived in that sphere which is termed by some the mental and by others the world of thought; for this conflagration which has included almost all of what has been deemed to be the "civilized" world cannot be regarded as merely a comparatively spontaneous eruption sequential to a cause originating in the astral or emotional sphere.

It is clear that this war is distinguished from all previous ones not only on account of its magnitude, not only on account of the motives of self-defense, self-preservation, or self-aggrandizement of its participants, but mainly, so it seems to me, because two conflicting ideals have met face to face; for, certainly, behind all the sordidness and all the outward and apparent motives underlying it, no thinking man or woman of to-day can fail to grasp the fact that, according to which of these ideals becomes dominant, so will the future evolution of mankind be affected for better or worse.

As to what these ideals are, the writer does not propose either to recapitulate or to reiterate, since they have already been propounded frequently and ably by great thinkers of the time and therefore need no further exposition from an inferior pen.

In both there is good; but whereas the goodness in one is of the present, the goodness of the other belongs to the past, for it is a virtue that the world has outgrown, a virtue that was useful to races and peoples whose stage of evolution might well be considered as behind that of the present day. The old adage, "the virtue of yesterday is the vice of to-day," is one that is true for all time.

But shall it be said that those who cling so tenaciously

*Following this contribution from England, we have been promised articles on the same subject from other nations involved in the European war.—Ed.

to obsolete beliefs have nothing to teach the world to-day; has the whole of their "stock in trade," so to speak, to be scrapped? Not so! For side by side with what must be regarded as objectionable are to be found admirable qualities which, with truth it can be said, have not been inculcated to anything like the same extent in those who in this war look upon themselves as the apostles of freedom. For it seems that in this democratic age the word "freedom" is one that has been looked at through a distorting lens, and has in that process become separated from its higher self, the higher self of sacrifice, of "service that is perfect freedom."

All the countries engaged in the war, aye, and all neutrals too, will have learned a lesson, a purificatory lesson, and behind this very process can be discerned the hand that guides the destinies of nations, the spiritual force which turns to account the use and abuse of that free will which man has been given in order that he may evolve.

And this leads us to the old, old problem of good and evil, and to the recognition that the latter is a necessity in order that the force for righteousness may grow in strength by combat with it. But humanity has on the whole some way to go before it will have evolved out of that period of negative goodness which may be described as the ceasing to do evil, and then acquire the virtue in its positive aspect. That is why a goodness which is so largely negative is very sorely tried when it is called upon to face the positive pole of its antithesis.

The idea of world dominion is no new thing, but according to history in all cases the underlying motive has been either the ambition of a ruler or aggrandizement of a people.

Yet who can affirm that world dominion is utterly beyond the attainment of any one race of people whose ideals are lofty and whose motives are pure, untinged by any thought of self? When we look back to the years preceding this war, it seems to me that it might have been possible for Germany, that strong nation of central Europe, to become at least the pioneer of a renaissance in matters affecting not only the moral but also the spiritual welfare of the whole of the human race.

Even now is not the world indebted to her for those mighty classics of harmony culminating in the genius of Wagner? Has not the great science of chemistry reason to be grateful for the successful applications to utilitarian purposes that her followers have discovered? Surely yes! And if only that people will extend its scope further by inaugurating the brotherhood of nations by introducing into our international relations a standard of ethics which has never been attained in the world within historical times, what will be the result? What barriers will be broken down, what rejoicings over the healings of ancient sores!

And in this thought of what may be, may there not be found the germ of an ideal for the future? For what is the spiritual significance of this great conflict unless it is the striking of the note of brotherhood, a note to inaugurate unity among nations while sounding the knell of much that has been objectionable in the past?

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The great wound may take some time to heal, and perhaps it will be better so, for otherwise forgetfulness might come too soon, and humanity like the individual so soon forgets. But let it set its gaze on the future with a certainty that, whatever length of time may intervene, the lessons that this terrible struggle is meant to teach the world will some day be understood, and with God's help never again be forgotten.

Remember

To be ever watchful that nothing shall stir us to resentment in thought or speech.

To hold fast the feeling of goodwill whenever we discuss the war.

To avoid dwelling upon its worst features, or upon reported acts of hate.

To realize that even if such reports be all true, and their volume increased ten-fold, they constitute a demand upon us to increase our good will twenty-fold.

—W. S.

History of the Order Rosae Crucis*

H. Spencer Lewis

[continued]

If one considers for a moment the prejudice—even the prohibition—against such secret Orders as the A. M. O. R. C. represented, one will appreciate the very evident attempts at subterfuge. Not only did certain religious organizations condemn all secret orders as “works of the devil,” but those orders or bodies which claimed to have rare knowledge of the sciences were severely criticised by the various open scientific bodies of the day. As soon as learning became very general and competition arose between schools and students, the secret orders were widely condemned even though many of the most unfair critics of some were oath-bound members of others.

However, without definite name, Thutmose saw that the Order had very definite principles, rules, and modes of procedure, all of which have come down to us to-day without material change.

At close of his reign in 1447 B. C., there were thirty-nine Brothers and Sisters in the Order, and the meetings, which had become regular and systematic, were held in one of the halls of the Temple at Karnak, outside of which Thutmose III erected two obelisks bearing a record of his achievements.

Thutmose signed most of the decrees of the Council with his own cartouche and it became the Seal of the Order “in testimony to the great work of our teacher (Master) to be forever a mark of honor and loyalty.” As was customary with these rulers when any event of national importance occurred, Thutmose issued a *Scarab* bearing his cartouche on one side, plus a mark which has a special meaning to all Rosaecrucians. This original scarab,

(Inquiries have been received as to whether this history is accurate and whether the Order Rosae Crucis, of which Mr. Lewis is the Head, is, as he claims, the only genuine Rosaecrucian movement in America. *The Channel* cannot enter into a controversy upon these questions. It publishes this and similar articles so as to keep its readers informed upon the various philosophic and occult movements of the day. It makes every endeavor to have its contributions sincere, accurate, and authoritative; but the writers alone must be held responsible for their statements and opinions. Mere publication in *The Channel* does not mean that it favors any one reputable movement as against any other. On the contrary, it is absolutely non-partisan and non-sectarian. It has “no official connection with any sect, society, or creed,” but is in hearty sympathy with each in its ideals of truth, progress, and service.—Ed.)

which was used for hundreds of years in Egypt by various A. M. O. R. C. Councils to impress the Seal of the Order in wax to all official documents, was given to the Grand Lodge of America along with other jewels and papers of an official nature and is considered one of the rarest antiquities of Egypt now in this country. The Order here is to be congratulated on having in its possession perhaps the *oldest*, if not the most *sacred*, of all Rosaecrucian jewels, one of which has never been used by others than the Supreme Masters in Egypt; for it means virtually the passing of the Master's Spirit from Egypt to America as was planned by the founders centuries ago.

This seal appears on the stationary and official documents of the Order in America along with the American R. C. Seal.

In this connection it may be explained that the obelisk in Central Park, one of the two erected in Egypt by Thutmose III and intended to stand some day in the "country where the Eagle spreads its wings," bears the Cartouche or Seal of the Order as well as many other authentic and instructive Rosaecrucian signs.

Before his transition, Thutmose III made his son (by Hatshepsut) co-regent. Thus Amenhotep II took up his father's work in the Order about the end of September, 1448. In the month of March,—the seventeenth, to be exact,—1447 B. C., Thutmose passed to the Great Beyond, having been king for nearly 54 years and being but one week less than 89 years of age. His mummy was found in the Cachette at Deir el Bahri, and history acclaims him "the greatest pharaoh in the New Empire if not in all Egyptian history."

Amenhotep II ruled from 1448 to 1420 B. C. and he in turn was succeeded by his son, Thutmose IV, who ruled from 1420 to 1411 B. C. Amenhotep III, son of the preceding, occupied the throne from 1411 to 1375 B. C. and was the last of the truly powerful pharaohs or emperors.

Upon the transition of Amenhotep III, the empire fell to his son Amenhotep IV, with whose history all Rosae-crucians are greatly concerned. He was the last Great Master in the family of the founders and the one to whom we owe the really wonderful philosophies and writings used so universally in all Lodge work throughout the world.

Amenhotep IV was born in the royal palace at Thebes, November 24th, 1378 B. C. His mother, Tiy, or Tia, was of humble birth, but both he and his father paid the most sincere respects to her and were ever proud of designating her "Queen Tia" upon all monuments.

He was only eleven years old in 1367 B. C. when he was crowned and immediately began a career unequalled by any pharaoh of Egypt.*

His father, having been the Master of the Order for a number of years, built the great Temple of Luxor and dedicated it to the Order. He also added to the Temple of Karnak and in many ways left "monuments of testimony and praise."

The Order numbered two hundred and eighty-three Brothers and sixty-two Sisters at this time; and at the time of the crowning of young Amenhotep IV, the Master of the Order was one Thehopset, who remained in the office until 1365 B. C. Amenhotep's installation as *Master-by-Council-Decree* occurred in the Temple of Luxor, April 9th, 1365, at sunset, in the presence of his bride and her parents.

Amenhotep being the only descendant, it was deemed advisable that he marry as early as the customs then permitted in order that an heir to the throne would be assured. But though Amenhotep had a number of children, unfortunately they were daughters, and this proved disastrous to the Order as well as to the throne.

The life of this great man is too easily found in various histories of Egypt, especially Braisted's, to warrant space in this work, but his accomplishments for the Order must be treated at least briefly....

Born in a country whose peoples were given to idolatry, where the chief endeavors were those of building temples to gods of all kinds, it is easy to appreciate his attitude toward the existing religion (or religions) after he had been thoroughly instructed in the Rosaecrucian philosophy. His mind and understanding were unusually keen, for in his fifteenth

*It is claimed in official records that Amenhotep was a prodigy as a result of a special course of pre-natal influence adopted by his mother for the very purpose of bringing into the world a holy, inspired, learned man. In this respect he looked-for birth as the coming of a great leader of God's chosen people furnishes another precedent for the beliefs of later nations and peoples that in times of great crises a leader would be sent by God. Also has this incident furnished a feeling in all Rosaecrucians that a great Rosaecrucian leader will be born into the Order in each decade and in each nation where such a leader is required.

year he composed many of the most beautiful prayers, psalms, and chants used in the Order to-day, as well as contributed to the philosophy and sciences.

But to him came the inspiration of overthrowing the worship of idols and substituting the religion and worship of one God, a supreme deity, whose Spirit was in heaven and whose physical manifestation was the Sun,—the *symbol of life*. This was in accordance with the Rosaecrucian doctrines and it changed the worship of the Sun as a god to the worship of the god *symbolized* by the sun. This was the beginning of monotheism in Egypt and the origin of the worship of a spiritual deity which “*existed everywhere, in everything, but was nothing of the earth*”(i. e., had no physical existence on earth in the form of inanimate or non-spiritual images).

Arthur E. P. Weigall, Chief Inspector of the Department of Antiquities, Upper Egypt, in writing of the religion inspired by Amenhotep IV, says: “Like a flash of blinding light in the nighttime, the Aton (the sun-symbol of the deity) stands out for a moment amidst the black Egyptian darkness, and disappears once more,—the first signal to the world of the future religions of the West. One might believe that Almighty God had for a moment revealed himself to Egypt.”

Truly, the religion of Amenhotep did not endure for long. Compared with the years of darkness, it was but a flash, for it died as a public and general religion when Amenhotep passed beyond the veil in 1350 B. C.

He too left many monuments to the glory of the Order. First he removed as far as possible all “pillars to Amon” and all references to Amon as a god. So thorough was his work that he did not hesitate to mutilate the work done by his father at Karnak and Luxor by effacing all reference to the god Amon, even to removing the name of his father and mother where they were connected with such idolatry. This naturally provoked the populace, especially since Amenhotep substituted beautiful monuments to the “living God.”

In the fifth year of his reign, when only sixteen years of age, a sweeping reform was initiated throughout Egypt by his decree, which prohibited any other form of worship except that already mentioned. In one of his decrees he

wrote: "This is my oath of Truth which it is my desire to pronounce, and of which I will not say: 'It is false' eternally forever."

He then changed his own name so that it would not be inconsistent with his reform. Amenhotep meant "Ammon is satisfied;" this he altered to Akhnaton or Ikhenaton meaning "Pious to Aton" or "Glory to Aton."

He built a new capitol at El Amarna in the plain of Hermopolis on a virgin site at the edge of the desert and abandoned Thebes because it was the *magnificent City of Ammon*. At El Amarna he also built a large temple for the Order in "the form of a cross" and a large number of houses for his Council of the Order. Here was the beginning of the monastic life, for within the boundaries of El Amarna lived two hundred and ninety-six Brothers of the Order, each having taken an oath never to pass "beyond the shadow of the Temple."

These Brothers wore special costumes which included a "cord at the loins" and a covering for the head, while the priest in the temple wore a surplice of linen and had his head shaved in a round spot on the top.

It is from this institution that all monastic orders, especially that of St. Francis, derive their methods, even their costumes.

During these years at El Amarna the A. M. O. R. C. was being made into a concrete organization and the Brothers at this community outlined the initiations and forms of service as used to-day in every lodge of the Order.

Akhnaton (Amenhotep IV) not only built his temple in the form of a cross, but he added the cross and the rose as symbols of the Order and further adopted the Crux Ansata, in a special coloring, as the symbol to be worn by all teachers (Masters) in the lodges. In fact, the last year of his life was spent in evolving a wonderful system of symbols used to this day to express every phase and meaning of the Rosaecrucian sciences, arts, and philosophies, and while some of these have become known to the uninitiated through the researches of Egyptologists, many remain secret to the Order, and all are understandable only to the initiated.

As a ruler of Egypt our Master failed utterly to check

the desire for war, and by his attacks on the popular religion he left the way open for invasion through lack of co-operation on the part of his subjects. As the crisis approached, our Master foresaw the result and, sad at his neglect of political matters in his enthusiasm for the spiritual, he weakened his health,—which seems to have been below normal,—and he was finally forced to take to his bed in the month of July, 1350 B. C. Instead of using his mighty knowledge to regain his health, it appears from his last dictated writings that his constant wish was to be spiritualized, that he might be *raised up to that plane* from which God's symbol shone down upon him. He fasted,—practically starving himself,—refused the services of the physicians in the Order, and prayed constantly. Then, on July 24, late in the afternoon, while he lay with his right hand upstretched to God pleading to be taken into the *Nous*, he was seen by his Brothers and Sisters of the Order watching there, to be actually raised from his bed for a moment and then to drop back in "sweet repose with a smile of illumination upon his countenance."

Thus passed to the beyond our Great Master who did so much and left so much for our Order.

He may have neglected Egypt politically, but she will always remember her young pharaoh whose twenty-eight years left its art and architecture, its sciences and philosophies, so greatly changed and improved. His reign was like unto the Renaissance of France, and even the hieroglyphics and art show a vast improvement based upon the principles of Truth. At the time of his crowning he took the title of "Amenhotep, King, *Living in Truth*," which was the Rosaecrucian phrase of fidelity as it is to-day, and he passed onward to the other life *In Truth*.

Perhaps the most summary of all testimonies to Amenhotep IV found outside of the Rosaecrucian literature, is that paid by James Breasted, Professor of Egyptology, University of Chicago, who says in his *History of Egypt*: "The modern world has yet adequately to value, or even acquaint itself with, this man, who in an age so remote and under conditions so adverse, became the world's first individual."



Out of the Everywhere—

The Editor

The present number of *The Channel* closes the first year of its existence. The publisher and I have done our utmost to accomplish the lofty purpose to which it is dedicated,—a channel for the higher truths of life,—giving our time, our strength, and our limited means, without thought of financial advantage; nor has there been any such. The magazine is yet far from the perfect type which is our ideal for it, but we believe that a comparison of this number with the first one will show that in range of subjects, in variety of treatment, in number and breadth of the contributions, and in the letter press itself, steady improvement has been made.

It would take too much space to describe in detail our plans for the coming volume, but some idea of the variety and interest can be had from a perusal of the partial contents of the future issues, given on page 101 of this number. The articles which we already have in hand from many countries and those which have been promised us should make the forthcoming volume valuable reading.

Practically all of the contributions have been voluntary offerings to our ideal for the dissemination of truth, and we wish here to record our gratitude for the help given; also to thank the many who have written us such kind letters expressing appreciation, congratulations, and gracious words of encouragement. They have come from nearly every country in the world, including China, Japan, Burmah, and Ceylon. They came from the seat of war too,—the trenches, the hospitals, the circles for convalescents and for refugees, from homes for the indigent, from prisons, and from others desperately sorrowful and tempest-tossed.

Gratitude is also due those who have so joyously worked to secure subscriptions for the magazine and to place it in more than three hundred and fifty libraries.

Many friends ask what they can do to help in our work. From the spiritual side the answer is, Spread the truths and live the teachings. From the practical side, Send in your subscription renewal promptly and try to get us some new subscribers also. These two things will help *The Channel* to be of ever-increasing service.

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The many who are joyously working for the brotherhood of humanity are at the same time (from the watchtower of their ideals) searching the sea of the world's events for signs of encouragement showing the steady flow of evolution towards a time of more perfect love and unity. As such, the following from the *Los Angeles Herald* is significant, and the case against the young lady was later dismissed.

Swayed by chivalry to a girl comrade in trouble, and living up to the highest ethics that an accused person is innocent until proved guilty, three hundred law students rallied to Miss Lillian Johnson, a fellow student, while she was held in jail on a charge of passing bad checks, and elected her vice-president of the U. S. C. College of Law student body.

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In the October *Channel* a new department devoted to astrology will be instituted. It is founded at the request of many subscribers, and we hope that it may assist in removing some of the unfortunate misconceptions that exist concerning the ancient science, and also in restoring the dignity it should rightfully enjoy.

The first article will be entitled *Astrotherapy*, from the pen of Mr. John Hazelrigg, one of the ablest astrologers in America.

I have just finished studying his new book on *Metaphysical Astrology* and had hoped to give a review of it. But when I began it I saw that it was a hopeless task to do it justice in a few pages. The reasoning from his erudite premises runs sequentially through all the chapters—one leading on to the other, and so to the conclusion. The whole should be read to "apprehend the marvelous significance attaching to analogies, and the correlations that abide along the inner pathways [of astrology] which lead from efficient to finals."

It is a pleasure to announce that an American Academy of Astrologians has been recently organized in New York City, and duly incorporated. This organization is unique, in that it is limited to thirty members, and composed only of such as are of proved capacity and representative in its literature—the constructivist as compared with the mere student or practitioner. While there is no reflection upon the rank and file of astrologers in the apparent oligarchic character of this selective personnel, a creditable distinction obtains to those fortunate enough to be of the limited coterie.

This number is at no time to be exceeded, and the chairs vacated through death or otherwise will be refilled with a scrupulous regard to the requirements for eligibility, thus insuring the permanency as well as maintaining the integrity of the institution. A Year Book is to be issued, to which each Academician will contribute a paper, so providing annually a volume of standard literature on the doctrine. An Academy magazine will make its premiere in the near future.

The roster as at present constituted includes mostly names of international repute in the astro-philosophical field, and the following officers: President, John Hazelrigg; Vice-President, Frank Theodore Allen; Secretary, George J. McCormack; Treasurer, John B. Sullivan.

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On May 2nd a large festival gathering was held in Los Angeles under the auspices of New Thought. There were addresses from representatives of many different philosophies—a sort of miniature Congress of Religions. The interchange of views was instrumental in bringing about general enthusiasm and a closer unity and understanding.

It was announced that a *Church of the New Civilization* has been founded by Dr. Seton—San Francisco being the place of its birth. Its ideals are individual progress by higher education, and a better comprehension of universal laws.

In connection with the new church there has been established a *New Civilization Metaphysical Library* in the Native Sons' Building, San Francisco, and contributions to it will be greatly appreciated. May success attend all efforts dedicated to such high ideals!

¶ The University of St. Andrews, Scotland, is sending out an appeal for prize essays on the subject of prayer.

"The significance of prayer in daily life is becoming widely recognized in the East, as in the West, especially by those who have passed through trial and suffering.

It is felt that the time may have come for gathering together a record of the thoughts of those who, having realized the potency of prayer, are willing to share their experiences with many who have not yet discovered that prayer is a means for bringing the Comforter into our very midst.

With this end in view, the Walker Trustees invite essays on: The meaning, the reality, and the power of prayer (and intercession); its place and value to the individual, to the church, to the community, and to the world; in the everyday affairs of life, in the healing of sickness and disease; in times of distress, and in times of national danger.

A sufficient sum of money has been set aside to enable the Trustees to allot \$500 to the contributor of the most widely helpful essay, and also to allot smaller sums to other contributors.

When practicable, it is hoped that contributors will forward their essays to reach the Trustees not later than February 1917. For further information enquire of The Walker Trustees, St. Andrews University, Scotland."

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These few words are in answer to those who have asked to know more of Mr. Leonard Bosman, who wrote *Freemasonry in the Bible*, published in our last number.

He is an Englishman about thirty-five years old, I should judge, and has long been a truly profound student of philosophical and occult subjects, especially of the *Qabalah*. (This is the spelling he prefers for it.)

In his book *The Music of the Spheres* he has given the interpretation of the first ten letters of the Hebrew alphabet, their numerical value, their mantric power and individual appeal. It is a significant, masterly piece of work. I like it more than the rest—not that the others are less appreciated. Among them are *Towards the Summit*, *The Mysteries of the Qabalah*, and *The Twelve Labours of Hercules*. He prints his works on his own Dharma Press, 16 Oakfield Road, London.

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It surprises me that people should write me for an explanation of Patience Worth. Psychic faculties are never used to investigate uninvitedly the private lives of others, no matter on what plane they may be functioning, no matter how tempting it may be to do so.

Scientists are much perturbed that Prof. Morton Prince was not allowed to hypnotize Mrs. Curran; she objected, and many agree that from an occult standpoint she was wise in refusing. As for myself, so far as the phenomenon is concerned, I am taking no part in the controversial discussion that is now so far-reaching and that is engaging the interest of the American Society for Psychical Research. My mind and heart rejoice in the beauty of the Patience Worth literature, the spiritual quality of her message and the genius shown.

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In the last *Channel* we promised for this issue a number of articles which do not appear. Some of these have been delayed by the war, others could not find space because longer than expected. We assure our readers that the promised articles will appear in due course.

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Last year Dr. Kenneth Taylor of the University of Minnesota, pathologist of the American Ambulance, had as an assistant Miss Mary Davies, an Englishwoman. She had been aiding him in his studies, especially in the inoculation of animals, to fight that loathsome disease, gaseous gangrene, which is even more dreaded than tetanus.

Dr. Taylor had made extensive successful experiments on animals, using quinine hydrochloride to cure gangrene after he had inoculated them with the disease: but as yet he had had no opportunity to try it on a human body. Miss Davies knew that if she offered to have herself inoculated with the germs, Dr. Taylor would refuse because of its almost certain fatality. So, quite unknown to him and others, she inoculated herself, thus risking her life. She knew that two drops killed an animal, so she took fifty times as much. Fortunately, even though the disease developed, she was cured by the aid of quinine hydrochloride injections.

The world has resounded with praises for physicians who have gone to study and experiment among the lepers. Martyrs to science! And the world's gratitude has been sent to them. (Nothing is more beautiful than unselfishness and self-sacrifice.) Miss Davies' name should be enrolled among them. We thank the *New York Sun* for telling us the story of her heroism.

Reviews

Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists*

Sister Nivedita and Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

Many writers such as Lafcadio Hearne, Sir Edwin Arnold, Rhys Davids, Annie Besant and others have been instrumental in stimulating western minds to a more sympathetic and appreciative relationship with the people of India and Burmah. Sister Nivedita (Margaret Noble) has also, in her books on *The Web of Indian Life*, *Kali the Mother*, as well as in this latest of her works, *Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists*, given an insight into the religious and social customs of India which is truly significant.

She was long a resident of India and an ardent disciple of Swami Vivekananda who was well known as a lecturer and teacher of Vedanta. Her untimely death in 1911 interrupted the completion of this last named book, but it was finished and published by her able collaborator Ananda Coomaraswamy.

The Indian and Hindu myths recounted in this new book are those of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* and stories of the life of Krishna, Buddha, Shiva and others from the Puranas, Epics and Vedas.

There are thirty-two carefully executed, exquisite water color drawings by Indian artists under the supervision of Abanindro Nath Tagore C.I.C. Especially beautiful are those of the Buddha in meditation and with the mendicant's bowl. The whole work is a dignified and valuable contribution to the classical literature of the East.

The concise introduction to the Myths contains much practical information about the motives of religion, the origin of caste and the ideals of society. It should be carefully read as it throws new light on things that have caused much misunderstanding in the West of this cultured people of the East.

The following are some purposeful statements:

*Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The Motives of Religion

"Hinduism is, in fact, an immense synthesis, deriving its elements from a hundred different directions, and incorporating every conceivable motive of religion. The motives of religion are manifold. Earth-worship, sun-worship, nature-worship, sky-worship, honour paid to heroes and ancestors, mother-worship, father-worship, prayers for the dead, the mystic association of certain plants and animals: all these and more are included within Hinduism. And each marks some single age of the past, with its characteristic conjunction or invasion of races formerly alien to one another."

The Mythical Origin of Caste

"It is in the *Ramayana*, and in the Laws of Manu (c. 566 B. C.) that we find the chief account of the ideal Hindu system of Colour (caste). The mythical origin of Colour, according to Manu, is as follows: Brahmans are sprung from the mouth, Kshatriyas from the arm, Vaishyas from the thigh, and Shudras from the foot of Brahma. This myth is true in an allegorical sense; it is used more literally to give divine sanction to the whole system. But it must not be supposed that Manu or Valmiki describes a state of society actually existing at any one time all over India. The history of Hindu society might much rather be written in terms of the degree of approach towards or divergence from the systems of the Utopists, Valmiki and Manu. How powerful their influence still is, compared even with the force of custom, appears in the fact that it is at the present day the aim of many reformers by no means to abolish the caste system, but gradually to unite the sub-castes until none but the four main Colours remain as effective social divisions. . . . Against this extreme exclusiveness many protests have arisen in India, the most notable being that of Buddha, who, so far from accepting the divine right of a Brahman by birth, taught that—

Not by birth does one become a Brahman:

By his actions alone one becomes a Brahman.

"The strength of the hereditary principle has always prevailed against such reactions, and the most that reformers have actually accomplished is to create new caste groups . . ."

"Fundamentally, there are four Colours: Brahmans, the priests and philosophers; Kshatriyas, the ruling and knightly class; Vaishyas, traders and agriculturists; and Shudras—servants of the other three."

These references to caste and social status are followed by the histories of the lives and the miracles of Shri Krishna and the Lord Buddha, with many of which students are familiar.

To those of us who have lived in India and observed the devotion and loyalty of the Hindus, and witnessed profound examples of them, the remarkable story of Yudhishthira and his dog, the pilgrimage of death, his entrance into hell and his great self conquest are the most appealing.

Yudhishtira and His Dog

"A time came in the development of Hinduism, when religion turned its back on all the deities of power and worldly good. The god, like his worshipper, must eschew wealth and material benefits. . . .

"In the opinion of some amongst the learned we have in the Mahabharata a recapitulation of all the old wonder-world of the early sky-gazer. Gods, heroes, and demi-gods jostle each other through its pages, and whence they came and what has been their previous history we have only a name here or a sidelight there to help us to discover. . . . However this may be, one thing is certain: The very last scene that ends the long panorama is that of a man climbing a mountain, followed by his dog, and finally, with his dog, translated to Heaven in the flesh.

The Pilgrimage of Death

"The five royal heroes for whose sake the battle of their prime was fought and won have held the empire of India for some thirty-six years, and now, recognizing that the time for the end has come, they, with Draupadi their queen, resign their throne to their successors and set forth on their last solemn journey—the pilgrimage of death—followed by a dog who will not leave them. First circling their great realm in the last act of kingly worship, they proceed to climb the heights of the Himalayas, evidently by way of ascending to their rightful places amongst the stars. He who has lived in the world without flaw may hope for translation at the last. But, great as is the glory of the Pandava brothers, only one of them, Yudhishtira, the eldest, is so unstained by life as to merit this, the honour of reaching Heaven in the flesh. One by one the others, Bhima, Arjuna, and the twins Nakula and Sahadev, together with Draupadi the queen, faint and fall and die. And still without once looking back, without groan or sigh, Yudhishtira and the dog proceed alone.

"Suddenly a clap of thunder arrests their steps, and in the midst of a mass of brightness they see the god Indra, King of Heaven, standing in his chariot. He is there to carry Yudhishtira back with him to Heaven, and immediately begs him to enter the chariot.

"It is here, in the emperor's answer, that we are able to measure how very far the Hindu people have gone since the early worship of purely cosmic deities, in the moralizing and spiritualizing of their deities and demi-gods. Yudhishtira refuses to enter the chariot unless his dead brothers are all first recalled to enter it with him, and adds, on their behalf, that they will none of them accept even then unless with them be their queen, Draupadi, who was the first to fall. Only when he is assured by Indra that his brothers and wife have preceded him and will meet him again on his arrival in the state of eternal felicity does he consent to enter the divine chariot, and stand aside to let the dog go first.

The Dog

"But here Indra objected. To the Hindu the dog is unholy. It was impossible to contemplate the idea of a dog in Heaven! Yud-

hishthira is begged, therefore, to send away the dog. Strange to say, he refuses. To him the dog appears as one who has been devoted, loyal in time of loss and disaster, loving and faithful in the hour of entire solitude. He cannot imagine happiness, even in Heaven, if it were to be haunted by the thought of one so true who had been cast off.

"The god pleads and argues, but each word only makes the sovereign more determined. His idea of manliness is involved. 'To cast off one who has loved us is infinitely sinful.' But also his personal pride and honour as a king are aroused. He has never yet failed the terrified or the devoted, or such as have sought sanctuary with him, nor one who has begged mercy, nor any who was too weak to protect himself. He will certainly not infringe his own honour merely out of a desire for personal happiness.

"Then the most sacred considerations are brought to bear on the situation. It must be remembered that the Hindu eats on the floor, and the dread of a dog entering the room is therefore easy to understand. There is evidently an equal dislike of the same thing in Heaven. 'Thou knowest,' urges Indra, 'that by the presence of a dog Heaven itself would be defiled.' His mere glance deprives the sacraments of their consecration. Why, then, should one who has renounced his very family so strenuously object to giving up a dog?

"Yudhishtira answers bitterly that he had perforce to abandon those who did not live to accompany him further, and, admitting that his resolution has probably been growing in the course of the debate, finally declares that he cannot now conceive of a crime that would be more heinous than to leave the dog.

"The test is finished. Yudhishtira has refused Heaven for the sake of a dog, and the dog stands transformed into a shining god, Dharma (service) himself, the God of Righteousness. The mortal is acclaimed by radiant multitudes, and seated in the chariot of glory, he enters Heaven in his mortal form.

"Even now, however, the poet has not made clear all that is to be required of a perfect man elevated alone to a position of great glory. Yudhishtira, entering Heaven, beholds his enemies, the heroes with whom he has contended, seated on thrones and blazing with light. At this the soul of the emperor is mightily offended. Are the mere joys of the senses to be accepted by him, he argues in effect, as any equivalent for the delight of good company? Where his comrades are will be Heaven for him—a place inhabited by the personages he sees before him deserves a very different name.

"Yudhishtira, therefore, is conducted to a region of another quality. Here, amidst horrors of darkness and anguish his energy is exhausted and he orders his guide angrily to lead him away. At this moment sighing voices are heard in all directions begging him to stay. With him comes a moment of relief for all the souls imprisoned in this living pain of sight and sound and touch.

Yudhishtira in Hell

"Involuntarily the emperor paused. And then as he stood and listened he realized with dismay that the voices to which he was listen-

ing were familiar. Here, in Hell, were his kinsmen and comrades. There, in Heaven, he had seen the great among his foes. Anger blazed up within him. Turning to the messenger, who had not yet left him—'Go!' he thundered in his wrath, 'return to the high gods, whence thou camest, and make it known to them that never shall I look upon their faces again. What! evil men with them, and these my kinsfolk fallen into Hell! This is a crime! Never shall I return to them that wrought it. Here with my friends, in Hell, where my presence aids them, shall I abide forever. Go!'

"Swiftly the messenger departed, and Yudhishthira remained alone, with head sunk on his breast, brooding in Hell on the fate of all he loved.

"Only a moment passed, and suddenly the scene was changed. The sky above them became bright. Sweet airs began to blow. All that had been foul and repulsive disappeared. And Yudhishthira, looking up, found himself surrounded by the gods. 'Well done!' they cried. 'Oh lord of men, thy trials are ended and thou hast fought and won. All kings must see Hell as well as Heaven. Happy are they who see it first. For thee and these thy kin nothing remains save happiness and glory. Then plunge thou into the heavenly Ganges and put away in it thy mortal enmity and grief. Here, in the Milky Way, put on the body of immortality and then ascend thy throne. Be seated amongst the gods, great thou as Indra, alone of mortal men raised to Heaven in this thine earthly form!'

The Greatness of Self Conquest

"That process of spiritualizing which we see at its moment of inception in the story of Daksha and Shiva is here seen at its flowering-point. Thoroughly emancipated from the early worship of cosmic impressiveness and power, the Hero of the Sky appears no longer as a great Prajapati, or Lord of Creation, nor even as the Wild Huntsman slaying the winter sun, but entirely as a man, one of ourselves, only nobler. The Hindu imagination has now reached a point where it can conceive of nothing in the universe transcending in greatness man's conquest of himself. Yudhishthira shone amongst men in royal clemency and manly faithfulness and truth, even as now he shines amongst the stars. Whatever came to him he first renounced, and finally accepted on his own terms only. This was the demand that Buddhism, with the exaltation of character and detachment, had taught the Indian people to make of manly men. Greatest of all was the renunciation of the monk; but next to this, and a different expression of the same greatness, was the acceptance of life and the world as their master, not as their slave."

In such a review one regrets that only the barest outline of the contents of this valuable book can be given. It is replete with fascinating stories which give the reader an insight into the potent moral influence that has been brought to bear on the peoples of India through the myths and legends of her literature.

M. B. R.

Psychical Research and Survival*

Dr. James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D.

Dr. Hyslop is the Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, and this latest book from his pen is a valuable addition to our literature on psychology. The book is one of The Quest Series, edited by Mr. G. R. S. Mead.

In the *Introduction* Dr. Hyslop describes the founding of the English Society for Psychical Research; then proceeds to outline the practical ways to study psychic phenomena and the difficulties of the present situation. A few quoted words may give some idea of his meaning, but the book is such a valuable guide to psychic study that investigators should not fail to read it. He says:

"First, we may assume that the scientific materialism of the age has established itself sufficiently to be accorded the right of judgment regarding them, and so make every concession to its prejudices. This means that we shall assume that the probabilities are against the hypothesis of any spiritual meaning for the world. This is the sceptical attitude of mind, and it may be held by the man who wishes to believe but feels that evidence is lacking for a spiritual interpretation of nature, or it may be held by the man who refuses to revise the verdict of materialism and insists on the resolution of all the alleged facts into some sort of illusion or superstition. The second way of looking at the facts will be that from the assumptions of normal life a spiritual meaning for human life and its development is desirable and possible. The materialist, whether he avows or ignores this view, assumes that the present life is sufficient unto itself and will not listen to the monitions of a normal mind and conscience. But the religious mind, not always safely ensconced in a salary for indulging in intellectual athletics, insists on trying to find if life is worth living, and it will not surrender without a fight to the dark fate which the materialist assigns to consciousness. This second class of minds intends to take the wider view of things, and not to evade or ignore facts in the interest of a scientific dogmatism that may only have substituted the worship of matter for that of spirit.

"But there have been so many illusions, and so much superstition and error associated with past religious beliefs, that the triumphs of physical science have gained for it the admiration and confidence of all intelligent minds who see no assurance for the existence of spirit and fear the restoration of the ages of barbarism in which spiritualism prevailed.

"There is no use in disguising the fact that the controversy about psychic phenomena is between those who sympathize with materialism and those who sympathize with the desire for a spiritual interpretation of the world. Prejudice is probably about equally distribut-

*The Macmillan Co., New York.

ed on both sides, and accusations of it are justified only as a *tu quoque* defence. . . . But it is not the controversy between materialism and spiritualism that was the avowed interest in the organization of psychic research. That was but the latent issue behind the scenes. The scientific spirit was triumphant enough to insist that the human mind must be indifferent to consequences in the investigation of the facts. . . . Hence the first duty of science was to classify its facts and determine those which were relevant and those that were not relevant to the spiritualist's claims. . . . Among these groups of phenomena were dowsing, telepathy, physical phenomena, afterwards technically named telekinesis, and hypnotism. . . . It was inevitable, however, that spiritualism should occupy the first place in the general conception of the Society's work, and this in spite of any or all efforts to circumscribe it. . . . Gradually, however, the phenomena of apparitions and mediumship came into consideration, and though they were modified or explained away by telepathy of a wonderful and incredible sort, they remained and still remain to plague the inquirer. In recent years there has been little experiment in telepathy; most of the work has gathered about mediumship of some sort, and opinion remains divided as to its meaning. But the recognition of something to investigate is now well-nigh universal, and animosities are shown on both sides of the problem. . . .

"On the one hand, the materialist is keenly conscious of the consequences to his general interpretation of nature, and fears a reaction toward the 'supernatural,' against which modern science has fought its most successful battles. On the other hand, there are two interested classes. One is the Church, which plays a waiting game to see what the result will be, and the other is the enthusiastic spiritualist who has abandoned both the Church and the materialistic school, and cares for no prejudices based upon the finality of past theories. The scientific man who has hitherto felt safe in the achievements of his method for the last three centuries, having excluded superstition, as he calls the 'supernatural,' from his consideration, has at last been brought to feel that it is a life-and-death struggle for the supremacy of his results. It is no place to forecast these here. It suffices to remark the critical nature of the situation, and men will ally themselves on one side or the other of the controversy according as they feel about the meaning of nature. Those who wish to widen the significance of human consciousness and its ideals will hope that science will find a way to protect them. Those who do not care for the spiritual ideals and are joined to materialistic theories will contest any other view of the cosmos. But spiritual idealism will always be strong enough to have its votaries and to challenge any application of science which does not respect it or offer it some means of expression."

Dr. Hyslop proceeds to give a comprehensive definition of materialism, and outlines the difference between it and its antagonist, Spiritualism. He then analyzes the latter. This chapter is one of the most instructive in the book, and I regret that there is not space to print it in its entirety.

In the chapter on *Personal Consciousness* the author asserts that he regards the evidence for the survival of personal consciousness after death as satisfactory for all intelligent people, and says that to him it is conclusive. He states that every intelligent man who has given sufficient time and study to the subject has come out on the side of the spirits even though he does not know the mechanism of their communications. He says that "scepticism may be justified in questioning elaborate systems from a spiritistic source...but if it would discriminate between problems, it might justify its policy without being ridiculous in its destructive theories."

"There is no reason short of the proved fact to justify drawing the line of hope and self-realization at the grave. And if it be a fact that we perish utterly, there is no reason for shaping conduct for any object which requires a longer time than the present life to realize. But if it be not a fact, and if we do survive, then it is more than rational, it is imperative, to take into account conditions beyond the grave in the adoption of rules of conduct. Unless we have proof that annihilation is the meaning of death, drawing the line at the grave is arbitrary. The best ethical maxims have an import beyond that, if Kant's position has any validity at all, and we find philosophers urging the finality of his views when they do not sympathize with psychic research. Ethical maxims involving spiritual development do not shorten the time for their imperativeness. To-morrow is quite as transcendental to human ethics as the day after we die; and it is not time that limits the fitness of moral duties, but only the impossibility of reaching our ends. There can be no proof that we are annihilated; so that the question is always open for the possibility of survival, and hence the rationality of seeking to know if it be a fact. Once concede the fact or the probability of it, and then death will no more alter the laws of morality than does a political election. We can nullify ethics only when hope is shut off, as all conduct involves the future for the attainment of its ends, even if it is only the next minute. Long-sightedness is a mark of the rational man, and hence the more that he makes the present yield to the future, the higher the type of man, though this must not be purchased at the expense of present duties. All that I am contending for is the place of time in the formation of ideals, and that the grave is not the end of them unless it is also the end of human life...If science cannot point a way out of this blank outlook, another must take up its task and give men a creed by which they can live, and a hope that on this black and stormy horizon shall dawn another morning. The present moment which has been saddened by the gloomy fears of death will be cheered by a fairer outlook, and, chastened by toil and pain, man may hope to be happy yet."

H. H.

A Friendly Talk With Socialists*

Joseph Bibby

This is a book that is destined to have a marked beneficial influence on social and economic problems. It is so full of mature thought and valuable suggestions, even along occult lines, that it is difficult to choose what to review in the space allotted.

Controlling large business interests and employing thousands of men for many years, Mr. Bibby has had more than the ordinary opportunities for studying the practical application of his philosophy. This rich experience, added to those of his travels, is the basis of his book. No occultist, so far as I know, has written from this unique viewpoint, especially one who relies on the principle of reincarnation to solve some socialistic problems.

For many years he has been a strong, refining, unifying power among the social organizations of his own country, England, and of his own city, Liverpool. He is also widely known as the versatile editor of *Bibby's Annual*.

Not satisfied alone with his study and experience of the higher socialism and of economic questions in England, a few years ago he journeyed around the world and continued his investigations. The results are synthesized in this book and his deductions are certainly epoch-making. The book is a liberal education on the questions under discussion. The following are some of the most salient of the author's ideas:

"Perhaps one of the chief facts which strike an observer of social conditions in making a tour of our planet is that Nature has ordered her affairs with an entire disregard of any kind of equality. The question, therefore, arises as to whether these glaring inequalities can be harmonised with belief in a universe that is ordered by wisdom and love....

"It is obviously vain to look for equality of opportunity in a world so ordered; to start a donkey and a racehorse at the same point of the course does not ensure that they shall have equal chances of winning the race.... The only theory which explains all the facts is the one which postulates the gradual evolution of the human personality, as an entity which starts life first in the lowest kingdoms of Nature, and gradually rises until it individualises as man, being born for the first time in a primitive race, or perchance in one of our own slums....

*The P. P. Press—Liverpool.

"In these surroundings, and through the use of such a primary vehicle as the body and brain with which he is equipped, he gains his first experiences and receives his first lessons in human progress; and when these are thoroughly mastered, he is born again into a somewhat different environment, where other lessons stimulate the growth of his powers. By and by he gradually climbs upwards, until he arrives at the point where we now stand, say mid-way in his evolution, with all the distance behind him which distinguishes the savage from the ordinary civilised man. Between his present attainment and the superman he is yet to become, there lie ahead vast fields of achievement and progress. . . .

"If this theory is sound, and it is the only one which harmonises all the facts, it follows that the important thing in life is not aggrandisement, but growth; and that the position in which a person is placed at birth has for its end the acquirement of certain lessons during this particular life, or day at school. Nature has so ordered it through her laws that he is kept in that position until the lessons which are being taught there are thoroughly learned, after which he is passed onwards to the next standard. . . .

"If our whole existence is an education, and each life is a day at school, it will be seen how the varied conditions of man's life on this planet are fulfilling an important purpose. . . .

"It may be taken for granted, I think, that the capitalist—that is, the man who has control of material wealth—has arrived at his present state by reason of some fitness for the position, and that he has not attained it by chance. He has yet many lessons to learn, and, if in the tests that are repeatedly applied to him he is found wanting, he will be put back to some lower class. At present he is placed where he has great opportunities of being of service to his fellows, for his special function in society is to organise and direct the energies which produce material wealth. . . .

"But wherever new wealth is being created, it will always be found that there are at work three forms of power—physical labour, capital, and directive energy; and the greatest of these is directive energy. The capitalist is the person who furnishes one or both of the latter important elements in production. . . .

"If the socialist contention that all capital is the product of labour be a sound one, the negroes of Jamaica and Barbados are the rightful owners of the Panama Canal, for all the physical labour was done by them; but it is surely better for society at large that the Canal should be in the hands of the capable people who found the capital and the brains to construct it. . . .

"At our present stage in evolution, it is an aid to the unfolding of latent powers of mind to know that if we win a certain position in life, we can have access to pleasanter conditions of living; and it is a law of life that it is impossible to keep a man down when he is ready to go up.

"In the light of these facts it is very discouraging to find that a movement like socialism, which has for its end the amelioration of the ills from which society suffers, should take so little account of the connection between well-doing and wellbeing; and should put forward

ideals which are not only out of harmony with the facts of life, but which violate the principles of common honesty. . . . The idea that a man becomes poor because of his virtues, or rich by cheating and oppressing his neighbor, is one of the fallacies which our socialist friends would do well to get rid of; for the fact is that all abiding success is based upon integrity and honor. . . .

"From our survey of the question, it is clear that what is needed is not so much a new social arrangement as a new spirit of service; the spirit which gives, not that which grasps; which seeks not its own, but the common good. A theory of life is also needed which will harmonise the interests of all classes. An effective movement in this direction will set in when we begin to realise, as we ought to have realised already, that the self-seeking spirit is a form of ignorance, and that ill-results inevitably follow upon any policy of selfishness, whether of the individual or of a class. . . .

"What we need, then, is a new socialism, one which is constructive rather than destructive; which makes its appeal to the self-giver and not to the self-seeker, not to one class only but to all; which appeals to the higher and nobler instincts of our nature, and not to the lower and baser; which, instead of seeking to pull down those who are above, strives to raise those who are below. . . .

"There is a theory of outstanding importance, of which I wish to make use, as it is necessary to complete our argument; it is the theory of the gradual evolution of the human soul through many lives, or what is popularly known as Reincarnation.

"This belief postulates that we do not finally leave the earth until we have learned its lessons, and that all the things which befall us in any given life have for their end the perfecting of the individual in wisdom and love. . . .

"It was almost middle life before I realised that I was living in eternity now, with an infinite past behind me and an infinite future in front, and that just as the results of past deeds were being reaped at present, so every act and thought were determining the harvest that is to be.

"I possessed then only the feeblest idea of the great truth that all selfishness is a form of ignorance and ends in suffering, and that loyalty to the principle of duty leads to achievement. Not until after many years of commercial experience was the truth revealed to me that a business career is as sacred as any other form of ministry, and that each individual is placed in the surroundings where his next lesson in the school of life is to be learned.

"I did not even know that the spirit in which duties are fulfilled is the real determining factor in progress. But it is in the darkness that we gain sight of the larger universe which we inhabit; and in the present dark days of war and struggle and death, there are few who have not had a vision of the nobler national and social life which better knowledge might enable us to live.

"In this connection, I may perhaps be pardoned if I relate a recent experience that came to me in the night season.

"I have no acquaintance in my waking life with Mr. T. A. Edison, the American inventor; but on this recent night we met in the

dream world, and as in that realm no introduction is required, we at once fell into an interesting conversation, which bears somewhat on this latter point. We both took it for granted that energy expended on the mental plane is a much more productive force than that which is given out through merely physical channels....

"It was with such thoughts that we began to talk of the conditions most favourable for the best kind of productive work, and here Mr. Edison's words seemed remarkably clear and distinct, and took on the speech-making tone so characteristic of American conversation:

'You may take my word for it, that no advancement of any kind is ever useful which does not come by the slow and orderly processes of growth; and, so far as my experience goes, I find that the best condition for illumination is when I have quite stilled my physical, emotional, and mental bodies, and have then made some contact through my spiritual self with still higher planes of being; the secret of intuition—the surest guide to new knowledge—is obtained when we correlate the lower bodies with the spiritual and bring them into harmony.'

"I was so impressed by the truth conveyed in this little speech that I suddenly awoke, and although it was but three o'clock in the morning, I arose and wrote the message down....

"In the light of these truths, let us now summarise the definite message of the new socialism, and see how its principles may be applied to practical experience. Unlike the methods of ordinary socialism, it accepts the inequalities of life as a part of the constitution of things which are brought about by the difference in age of its various members, some being children in experience, others more advanced.

"It is not postulated, therefore, as a condition of social prosperity that each should have equal rights, privileges, and responsibilities; but it is affirmed that the general welfare must be a product of that unity and harmony which can only be won when the individuals cease to live in the part and begin to live in the whole. It submits also that individual duties differ according to our growth, capacity for service, and place in the social organism; and that we are most surely promoting our own welfare when our contribution to the common good corresponds with the measure of our capacity.

"Meanwhile, it is to be observed that wherever, in the industrial sphere, there exists the spirit of discontent amongst workpeople, we may feel sure that the management has been lacking in helpful sympathy. There is no case on record where the younger members of an ordinary family have come into a state of rebellion against their elders, when the latter have been rightly discharging the obligations of their position.

"The important fact to be understood is that we are living in a world of ordered law, where every seed brings forth fruit after its kind, and in which our future welfare is being determined by the kind of thoughts and acts which we are sowing in the present."

E. B.

The Review of Reviews, founded by W. T. Stead, that courageous occult investigator, and now so ably edited by his daughter, Miss Estelle W. Stead, is always welcomed to our reading table. It is indeed "a literary searchlight for busy men and women," and the epitome of current events by its editor, as well as the numerous authoritative articles anent literary, social and political problems, puts *The Review* in the small group of "indispensable" periodicals. It has recently been greatly enlarged, which makes it even more valuable than it was before.

The June *Occult Review*, edited by Mr. Ralph Shirley, (William Rider and Sons, Ltd.) arrived too late, before going to press, to receive the space we should like to give its fine contents. We rejoice that the editor is penning vigorous protests against morbid Christianity, which is one of the most dangerous menaces to spiritual progress. It undermines the health as surely as strong drink, and is far more dangerous, since it is an emotional disease and unfailingly reacts deleteriously on the mentality and brain activity of the one who "indulges." Mr. Shirley exalts the symbolism of the cross, and quotes Dr. Hartmann's fine delineation of it, which wipes out the ideas of death usually associated with the crucifix, and substitutes the divine idea of self-regeneration and the joyful union with the higher.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The following books have been received and are acknowledged with thanks. They will be reviewed in future numbers of *The Channel*.
Birds of Passage—Sarah Taylor Shatford: Sherman French & Co., Boston.

The Freudian Wish—Edwin Holt: Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The Restored New Testament—James Morgan Pryse: John M. Pryse, New York.

Healthology—Irving J. Eales: M. D., D. C.

Revelation and The Life to Come—by the Author of *The Way: The Nature and Means of Revelation*: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Practical Mystic—Katherine F. Pedrick: Sherman French & Co., Boston.

The New Science of Color—Beatrice Irwin: John Lane, New York.

The Book of Talismans—Thomas Pavitt: Wm. Rider & Sons, London.

Psychology of the Unconscious—Dr. C. G. Jung: Moffat Yard & Co., New York.

Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man—Fabre d'Olivet: G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Natural Order of Spirit—Lucien C. Graves: Sherman French & Co.

Subconscious Phenomena—Morton Prince and others: Richard Badger, Boston.

Lessons in Scientific Eating—Dr. Eugene Christian.

The Ghost of the Lonely Cape

I went with a friend to stay the night at a hotel on the cliffs of a small peninsula in one of the countries of southern Europe. We had been told that since this point of land was so narrow, the breakers, especially by moonlight or after a windstorm, were very wonderful to behold. The waves on each side of it often rose simultaneously to great heights and in wild fury dashed themselves to bits against each other, falling, a broken, shimmering mass, upon the rocks below.

When we arrived at the hotel we requested two adjoining rooms. The genial host told us he would be compelled to give us a *suite*—a sitting room on a corner, with one adjoining bedroom to the east and the other to the south. We said we could not engage such expensive rooms; but he was insistent and finally said that he would not make any charge for the sitting room. It was so agreed and we repaired to our rooms.

We dined, and for some hours watched the marvellous beauty of the moonlit surf, then went to bed. About one o'clock I was awakened by a scream coming from my friend's room and rushed to her assistance. Turning on the light I saw one of her shoes flying in my direction but not coming from the same side of the room where she sat terror stricken on her bed; it could not have been thrown by her. The shoe struck the door just above my head. Then her hair-brush on the toilet table was seized and hurled at her, falling upon the bed, where lay several other articles that had thus been thrown. Yet we could see no one in the room.

We were both terribly frightened, which was quite natural as we were two women in a strange hotel without friends and quite unused to any such phenomena. So we fled to my room and shut and locked the door behind us. Hurriedly I began to dress preparatory to calling for help; my friend, trembling violently, sank down on the sofa quite near me.

A few moments later I was startled by another scream from her, and discovered standing before us near the window a man with a flashing dagger in his right hand. In appearance he was the true type of an Italian fisherman, but at the same time seemed so misty and transparent that for some moments we were mystified. Then we saw that it was a ghost. With much effort I commanded sufficient strength to say, "What are you doing here?" His answer was even more astonishing than his appearance. "Pray for me," he said. I thought I must have misheard, and repeated my question. "Pray for me," again wailed the voice. The hand holding the dagger now reached out to me. He fell upon his knees and sobbed out the following piteous tale.

(The words were written down in the morning as accurately as they could be remembered.)

"Pray for me! Long years ago I stabbed a man with this dagger, here, in this place. I was jealous, for he kissed *mia bella tosa*. They tried me and put me in prison. The priest tried to force me to confess because I was condemned to die. I would not do so for the girl's

sake—*mia bella tosa*. The priest was very angry; he prayed for me, but I would not confess. He said I was condemned to purgatory and my soul would not be free to go into paradise until some long distant day when someone else would pray for me. I did not believe him and he would pray no more; I did not confess and he went away. I was executed. Ah! it has been so long, so long to wait! And I could never go on into paradise. There was no one who would believe me or pray for me, so I could not get free from this awful place. *Prega, donna! Prega, per un' pover' condannat'!*"

I believed his story and, as he was a Catholic, I prayed to the Mother of Jesus; prayed for that turbulent soul whose wild, piercing cries rose above the shriek of the wind and the roar of the waves, on the narrow cape that winter's night.

Over his suffering face there flitted a swift radiance. The knife fell; he clasped his hands and with uplifted eyes gazed in wonder as if on some scene of beauty. From above his head there descended a cloud of light; was it a bit of the radiance of paradise? Almost unperceived he ascended into it and was gone.

For some time my friend and I remained too awed to speak; then creeping into bed together we discussed the incident, bearing each other witness as to its details until we fell asleep, to waken only when the sun was far up in the morning's sky.

As we were strangers we decided not to tell our experience either to the landlord or his guests, fearing unbelief and ridicule. We enquired of the former how long his hotel had been there; he said about twenty years. We asked other questions about the history of the place. He said that he himself had been there only a few years and referred us to some of the old inhabitants in the fishing village farther down the shore. Upon enquiry there I learned that our hotel stood upon the spot where formerly had been an inn. A murder had been committed there about thirty years previously and the place was finally deserted because persons had thought it haunted.

It developed later that my friend was psychic and mediumistic, but neither she nor I was able at the time to explain why or how the man threw articles about the room as he did, or whether in truth he actually needed someone to pray for him before he could be freed from his purgatory.

A Traveller.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ignorance is the mother of fear and superstition. The mind that entertains them is only that part of our intelligence which is called the lower mind; we are told that it is the "slayer of the real" and that it can shut out the truth and hold us prisoners.

Some prisons are in pleasant places—some in foul.

The executed Italian's belief in the truth of the priest's words shut him in a mental prison after death. He became desperate while seeking someone to pray for him. The prayer opened the doors of his imprisoning mind the more effectually, only because of his strong belief that prayer would free him.

Since your friend in this instance was a sensitive and mediumistic, the poor man succeeded in drawing enough etheric matter from her to materialize his hand. Then he could seize upon and throw articles about the room to attract attention and later make himself seen and heard.

Persons who are able to carry over the clear memory of what has taken place in sleep describe many such "souls in prison." Some years ago a dying criminal was made to believe that she would burn in the flames of Hades forever if she did not repent before her death. She died believing this, and for a long time fled from place to place in unceasing fear that flames were pursuing her. So deep-seated was her belief—her mental prison—that it took many weeks of the assistance of others to free her from it, and to convince her of the unreality of her belief. The intensity of her fear actually visualized the flames to her.

These incidents teach that the lower mind, when ignorant of truth during life, can imprison the higher even after death; and that people should never be permitted to die with any fear in their minds. From the occult viewpoint any educated person who curses a condemned or dying criminal (or a living one) is even more culpable than his victim.—Ed.

Night

J. J. Proctor Fowle

Night crushed the roses on her breast

And set the moon above her brow

Within a diadem of stars:

Her perfume was upon my lips,

Her music sang within my ears;

O night! how fair art thou!

Night let her sombre tresses down

And loosed her burnished girdle free.

In her right hand she held aloft

The prayer that brings forgetfulness,

And in her left the undrained cup

Of hours of futurity.

Night's beauty lay upon my heart,

My senses in her spell were bound.

The night was mine, and in between

Her eyes (the twilight and the dawn),

I read her secret—the unseen

Assurance of her peace profound.

Psychic Events

The Wandering Soul

These few words were actually whispered to me one night after a discussion on the subject of Spiritualism. They may be of interest. At the time of the discussion I said that if some good test could be given me, possibly I should not be so skeptical.

It was about one o'clock the next morning when I awakened with a very depressed feeling. I could not sleep, so decided to sit up and read. After a few minutes there seemed to be a whisper near my chair. I put the thought out of my mind, considering it only imagination. Again it came, and then a third time plainly in my ear.

I immediately recalled the discussion of the evening and of course thought the people were playing a joke on me. This idea amused me very much. I wondered what I could do to carry the joke further. But my light was clearly burning, and if anyone had been in the room he could not have escaped being seen.

Then the whisper said: "Can you not understand? You must memorize my words as I speak them. They must reach the rich and selfish of your world. I have been given a very difficult work to accomplish from the land of the spirit. I am pledged to work on and impress the consciences of the rich people of the earth. They are not doing one half the good with their wealth that God expects of them. I want to save all persons that I can from the experience and suffering of becoming separated, selfish, wandering souls, such as I have been since my death and which surely will happen to many if their ways are not soon changed.

"My position in your world was that of a very rich, selfish man, who failed in his duty to help the poor; that is why I am one of the many that have been given this work to accomplish.

"So I have chosen you to assist me in this work, knowing of your wealth. You can well afford to speak and to have my words published in your land. 'Tis sad to see that when success and wealth are given one from his worthy efforts, he allows failure to follow from the possession of selfish pride. And why does such a man forget, as he climbs to success, the poor, less fortunate friend? Not once does he stop to think of those in need, but spends all his money on himself or his own selfish interests. I hope and pray my words may reach those who still have it in their power to be unselfish, so they can climb the path to the higher life."

The next morning I wrote the message word for word as it had been whispered to me. I decided not to mention it to anyone, fearing their ridicule. It was my own secret. This was many months ago. Suddenly, without a just cause, I began having one misfortune after another until it almost became tragic. I could not understand why I deserved such ill luck. Then my thoughts turned to the words of the wandering soul; so I have decided that perhaps better times may return if they are published.

A. H. H,

How Colors Affect Us

The following by the well-known psychologist, Dr. H. Addington Bruce, lends scientific corroboration to knowledge long in possession of occultists. It was recently printed in the *Los Angeles Tribune*:

The colors red and yellow are recognized by psychologists as having unusually exciting effects on the mind and nervous system of civilized man. Precisely the opposite is true of the color blue. Instead of exciting his mind, blue tends to tranquillize it. When a deep shade, approaching violet in hue, it may act on the mind as a positive depressant.

This is borne out by numerous observations made by scientific investigators, both in this country and elsewhere. At the University of Illinois, for example, Prof. N. A. Wells for six years studied the effects of various colors on his pupils, mostly young men and women of the middle west. Of the many persons thus studied, only twelve found any shade of blue at all exciting. Its general effect was described by the subjects in such terms as "quieting," "peaceful," "restful."

Those who are temperamentally excitable and nervous may really benefit from the judicious use of an intense shade of blue.

Possibly it is because of an instinctive appreciation of the pleasant psychic effect of blue that most people are particularly fond of this color. According to M. F. Washburn, who, at Clark University, made an interesting experimental study of color preferences:

"Blue is the pleasantest light tint, and indeed the pleasantest color in the whole series."

Blue, as shown by fashions in dress, and by its frequent use for decorative purposes, is decidedly a popular color. Its popularity is psychologically justified. Fondness for it cannot be cultivated too assiduously by those who now prefer some other color which, like red or yellow, is antagonistic rather than conducive to emotional calm and control.

Photographing a Ghost

A psychic experience which happened to a clergyman, the Rev. C. L. Tweedale, his wife and son, is causing widespread interest and comment in England, particularly in Yorkshire.

A ghost appeared at the vicarage of Weston, Otley, while the family was at luncheon. Mrs. Tweedale suddenly cried out that she saw an old man with a long beard and a full head of hair. Neither the son nor the husband was able to see the apparition, and they were skeptical. But Mrs. Tweedale was insistent; and finally her husband told her to keep it in the place where she thought it was, and rushed for his camera. Fortunately it was in order and, focusing it upon the spot where Mrs. Tweedale said the man stood, he took a photograph.

When the negative was developed, it disclosed the head and shoulders of an old man answering to the description given by Mrs. Tweedale.

The case is being investigated by the British Society for Psychical Research.

